

ST. NICHOLAS.

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IN MEMORY OF MARY MAPES DODGE.

DIED AUGUST 21, 1905.

LONG before this number of ST. NICHOLAS reaches its readers, the daily newspapers will have brought to them the sad news of the death of the beloved editor of this magazine. Mrs. Dodge had been suffering from a severe illness for several months, and it was hoped that the usual sojourn in her summer cottage at Onteora, New York, might restore her to health. But she steadily grew weaker until the end, which came peacefully on the morning of Monday, August 21st.

To all who knew and loved her it seems almost unbelievable that one who was so vital a part of the lives of those around her has vanished forever from our sight. Mrs. Dodge was always so triumphantly alive and joyous, so "in love with life and raptured with the world"; she had served so long and faithfully in her chosen field; she belonged so thoroughly to her great task, and held so high a place in both public and private esteem, that, as many a sorrowing friend has written, "We cannot imagine life without her." The recognized leader in juvenile literature for almost a third of a century, she was universally honored by the children of America and even of the world—for from shore to shore of our country and across the widest seas her name was held in reverent affection by child-readers and their parents. Two generations

of girls and boys have known her work and learned to love the noble, gifted, kindly nature which that work revealed. Children's faces all over the land broke into smiles of joy at the mention of her name; parents all over the land, knowing well the debt which they and their children owed to her, said many a quiet "God bless her!" in their hearts. Upon her desk to-day are loving, grateful letters from children whose fathers and mothers sent her just such letters in the cramped handwriting of their own childhood twenty-five years ago. "And we love you, dear Mrs. Dodge, as much as we love ST. NICHOLAS!" was always the burden of these missives. Every copy of ST. NICHOLAS made a personal friend for Mrs. Dodge of every girl and boy who read it, and everywhere she was honored and beloved as one who had done a great work in the world.

But it was not by any luck or good fortune that she accomplished that work; it was by patient, devoted, conscientious labor—by the exercise of noble gifts to a noble end. It was her mission to minister to the thoughts and interests and aspirations of childhood, and for this she was divinely fitted. From first to last—in her delight in simple things, in her simple faith, and in her eager impulses and quick sym-

thies—she was herself a child. But not in powers—for her powers were of the rarest and the greatest; not in knowledge and wisdom—for there have been few wiser or more accomplished women; not in courage—for her courage nothing could daunt. Yet these high endowments, with all the other manifold gifts of her nature, she consecrated to the service of childhood. To make child-readers happy first, and through this happiness to lead them on to higher and nobler living,—this was her aim and work. And all the joy and sweetness and enlargement which she brought into their lives, they have still and cannot lose.

Mrs. Dodge came of distinguished ancestry, which included, on both her father's and her mother's side, the names of many well-known citizens of New York. General Jonas Mapes had a patriot's share in the War of the Revolution, and was an intimate personal friend of the Marquis de Lafayette; and other members of the Mapes family attained a well-earned distinction a century ago. Her own father, Professor James J. Mapes, has been called a "universal genius"—for he was noted as a scholar, an inventor, a scientist, and an author. Moreover he was a man of wide social acquaintance and a brilliant, humorous, accomplished talker—famous for his wit, and as a story-teller. The foremost men of his day in literary, artistic, and political life—men like Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant—were his familiar friends. Captain John Ericsson, who usually kept himself secluded from the world, was a close comrade of Professor Mapes, and a frequent visitor to his home in New York city—a home which attracted the best thought and the best people of the time—the hospitable center of a large literary and scientific circle.

It was into this home that little Mary Elizabeth was born on January 26, 1831. "I had a devoted father and mother and a happy childhood, a remarkably happy childhood, watched over with loving care," is Mrs. Dodge's own tribute to the wise and tender rearing which she received and to the home influences which molded her earliest thoughts.

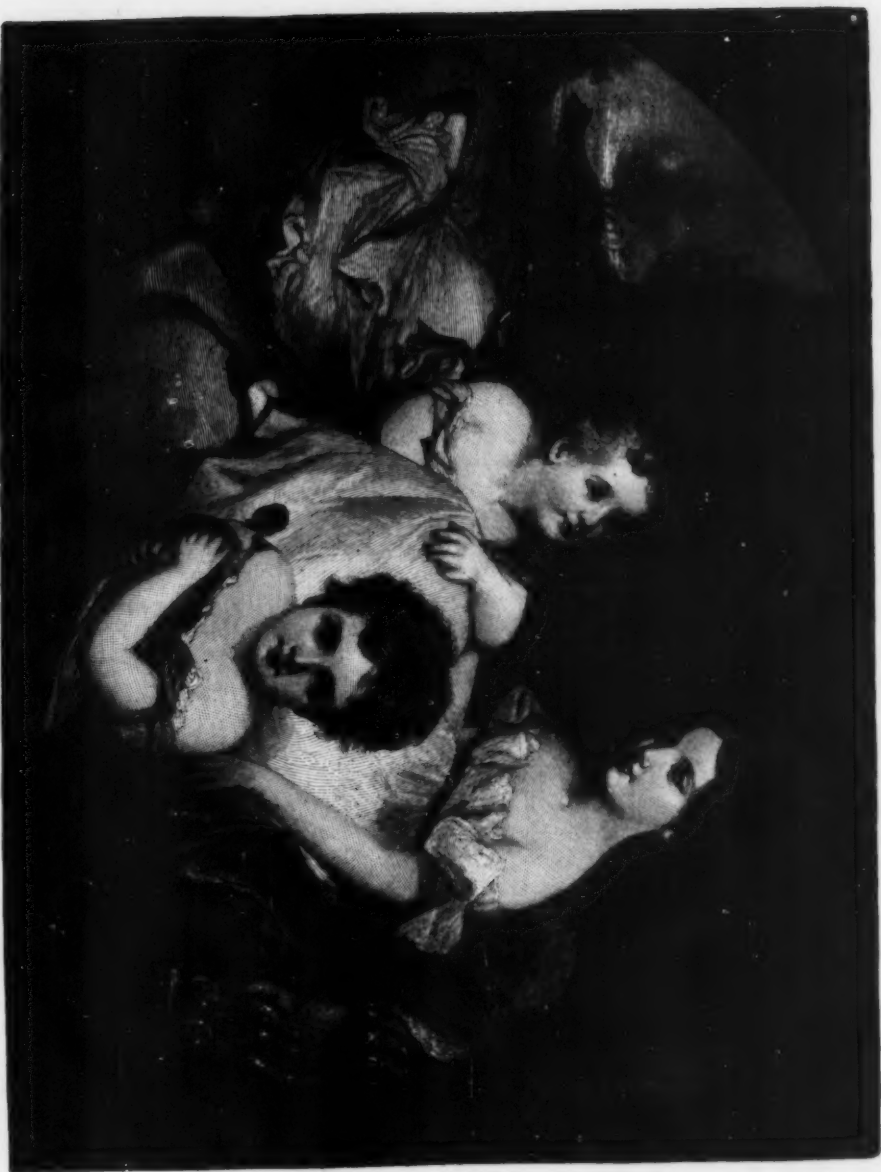
The picture of Professor Mapes's daughters

in their childhood, painted by William Page, shows Mary, the second daughter, as the little figure in the foreground holding a doll in her arms. "I would not part with my dolly for all their coaxing," she used to say. In this devotion, as well as in the clear, bright eyes of the little girl, which look into our own with such a happy and yet searching gaze, in the frank, earnest, eager, and joyous expression of the round, rosy face, and in the tender grasp with which the motherly arm clutches the dolly, we may surely read prophetic glimpses of the child-lover and benefactor of children that she was one day to become. And as if to fit her for the work, she was, as a good friend once wrote of her, "one of those fortunate mortals at whose christening feast no ill-tempered fairy sulked." She was supremely gifted from the first.

But until she was twice as old as at the time when the picture was painted, she was merely a happy, healthy child, with a buoyant nature and a child's delight in the joys and pleasures of the passing hour,—frolicsome, filled with energy and animal spirits like many another, and taking no thought of time, as the happy days sped by. Before she was ten, however, she had become a great reader, and she early showed her literary bent by celebrating the family anniversaries in "poetical effusions." Some of these stately but comical efforts she used to repeat with gleeful amusement in after years.

The daughters of Professor Mapes never went to school. They gained their education at home under the care of tutors and governesses, being carefully trained, not only in the usual English branches, but in French, drawing, music, and Latin.

There was no such thing in those days as a children's magazine; but there were the great masterpieces of literature, the Bible, the old English ballads, Shakspeare, Milton, Bunyan, and Walter Scott. Professor Mapes inspired in his daughters a love for the world's great books, and Mrs. Dodge may have gained from them the crystal clearness and the force of her literary style. As she grew into her teens she grew also more and more fond of writing, and before her girlhood ended was already helping her father in the preparation of his learned pamphlets and essays; and for him throughout her life she



"THE SISTERS." ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY TIMOTHY COLE. FROM THE PORTRAIT-PAINTING BY WILLIAM PAGE.
THE LITTLE GIRL HOLDING A DOLL IS MARY ELIZABETH MAPES (MRS. DOUGES), AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

cherished a boundless pride and love. Both in her home study and her editorial office his picture decorated the wall above her desk.

While still a very young woman, however, she became the wife of William Dodge, a prominent lawyer of New York, and for several happy years a new love reigned supreme in her life, while the claims of husband and children—for two boys had come to bless the fireside—filled the days with peace and joy. Her own home, like her father's, was an ideal one, where the best people and the best influences found always an open door and open hearts. All too soon, however, it was desolated and closed by the sudden death of the head of the household, and with her two children Mrs. Dodge returned to the homestead, a large country house near Newark, New Jersey.

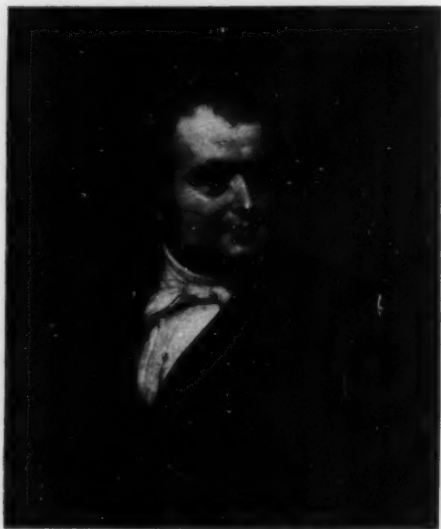
Here her life was mainly devoted to her children. She was not only their mother, but their comrade and friend. She entered into all their daily interests, their work and play; and as time went on she found herself obliged to provide the money for their education. It was for this purpose that she turned to writing.

A small cottage or farm-house which adjoined the orchard on her father's estate was confiscated for use as a study, and Mrs. Dodge and her boys soon transformed it into a cozy "den." In this simply furnished and quaint little abode, far enough away from the great house to insure quiet, she set to work in earnest. Fortunately, everything that she wrote was successful. The periodicals to which she sent even her earliest manuscripts accepted them all and eagerly asked for more.

After the publication in leading magazines of several essays and stories for grown-up readers, Mrs. Dodge brought out, in 1864, her first book—made up of short tales for children—under the title "Irvington Stories." So great was its popularity that the publisher begged for a second series or a sequel. But Mrs. Dodge, meantime, had begun work upon a longer narrative. She was really improvising it as a "good-night story" for her boys—"making it up as she went along," as children say. From Motley's histories and other books her mind was filled with admiration of the sturdy, heroic little nation which for centuries

has held its own against the mightiest powers of Europe and a still mightier enemy—the sea. In the heat of kindled imagination she began to tell her children a story of life in Holland, weaving into it much interesting material from the history of that quaint and valiant country, which at that time she had never seen.

The subject grew more and more absorbing to her. She worked upon the manuscript from morning till night, and sought eagerly for every source of information which could make her pages more true to life or more entertaining to her readers. "She ransacked libraries, public and private, for books upon Holland; made



PROFESSOR JAMES J. MAPES, MRS. DODGE'S FATHER.

every traveler whom she knew tell her his tale of that unique country; and submitted every chapter to the test of the criticism of two accomplished Hollanders living near her. It was the genius of patience and toil, the conscientious touching and retouching of the true artist, which wrought the seemingly spontaneous and simple task."

From the day of its issue, "Hans Brinker" found multitudes of readers, and more copies of it are still sold every year than of the average newly-written juvenile story. Besides its large circulation in America, it has passed through several editions in England; has been published in

French at Paris; in German at Leipsic; in Russian at St. Petersburg; and in Italian at Rome. The French Academy awarded it one of the Monthyon prizes of fifteen hundred francs. In Holland itself a Dutch translation has found a sale of many editions. By a curious coincidence, too, when Mrs. Dodge was in Amsterdam with her son in 1873, a copy of this Dutch edition was recommended to him by a bookseller as the best and most faithful juvenile story of Dutch life that was known in Holland. It was a pleasant experience for Mrs. Dodge when the boy, having purchased a copy, proudly presented it to her, repeating the bookseller's comment, and confiding to him that she was the author of the story. To-day, in our own country and in all English-speaking lands, "Hans Brinker" is a veritable classic of juvenile literature. Even if Mrs. Dodge had done nothing more than to write this book, her place would be forever secure in the affection of child-readers.

But after bringing out, in 1869, a clever little book of home pastimes entitled "A Few Friends," she accepted, in 1870, the position of associate editor of "Hearth and Home," a weekly family paper, of which the editors were Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell. On this journal she took charge of the household and juvenile departments, and ere long Mrs. Dodge's reputation as editor equaled that which she had already attained as author. The circulation of the periodical was greatly increased, and the department itself rapidly grew into a very prominent feature of the weekly issues. It was her work in this field which first attracted the attention of Dr. J. G. Holland and Mr. Roswell Smith when, early in the seventies, as directors of the company which now publishes "The Century Magazine," they began to consider the publication of a new juvenile monthly. Their decision really hinged upon hers, for they were heartily ready to undertake the project provided they could obtain her consent to assume its management and become its editor.

Let it be confessed that she had other aims. Ambition tempted her. She was eager to try her hand at novel-writing. Her triumphs in juvenile literature had already exceeded her expectations; she longed for other fields to

conquer. Thus her mind reasoned; but her heart—her heart turned again to thoughts of the children. Many gifted men and women were writing novels; no one was doing all that could be done—that ought to be done—for the boys and girls. Not without a pang of regret, but without further hesitation, she obeyed the call of duty. How clearly she heard, how faithfully she answered the cry of the children all the world knows to-day.

For thus it was that ST. NICHOLAS was founded; and from the choice of its title and its first issue, in November, 1873, the best years of Mrs. Dodge's life have been devoted to ST. NICHOLAS.

Looking back upon it from the standpoint of to-day, what a vast performance it represents! In no wise can it be measured by the size or contents of the single magazine which the postman leaves every month at the door. It means twelve of these, each year, for more than thirty years. A complete set, in book-form, means fifty-eight large bound volumes, which would almost fill an ordinary book-case. But it means, also, such a golden treasury of stories, verses, pictures for boys and girls—such a children's library in itself—as, in the form of a single publication, can be found nowhere else in the world.

We must remember, too, that at the time when ST. NICHOLAS first appeared it was such an advance upon any preceding juvenile periodical that it might justly be called an absolutely new creation. A comparison of the best issues of "The Riverside Magazine" or "Our Young Folks" with the very first number of ST. NICHOLAS showed at a glance the immeasurable superiority of the new magazine. From the first, Mrs. Dodge set herself to prove the truth of her own statement—

The child's magazine must not be a milk-and-water variety of the periodical for adults. In fact, it needs to be stronger, truer, bolder, more uncompromising than the other; its cheer must be the cheer of the bird-song; it must mean freshness and heartiness, life and joy. Therefore look to it that it be strong, warm, beautiful, and true. Most children of the present attend school. Their heads are strained and taxed with the day's lessons. They do not want to be bothered nor amused nor taught nor petted. They just want to have their own way over their own magazine. They want to enter

the one place where they may come and go as they please, where they are not obliged to mind, or say "yes, ma'am" and "yes, sir,"—where, in short, they can live a brand-new, free life of their own for a little while, accepting acquaintances as they choose and turning their backs without ceremony upon what does not concern them. Of course they expect to pick up odd bits and treasures, and now and then to "drop in" familiarly at an air-castle, or step over to fairyland. A child's magazine is its playground.

Even with the opening issues, the child-readers of the country recognized that they had come into their own at last. It was the aim of both editor and publishers to produce the most beautiful and entertaining periodical for youth which it was possible to create. Mrs. Dodge was at her prime, and she made the magazine a marvel of inventiveness and youthful jollity; of absorbing stories, helpful articles, and historical sketches; of nonsense verse and genuine poetry—a rich mine, in short, of entertaining reading fitted with wonderful skill to the tastes and the wholesome development of the boys and girls. And all her conscientious labor was heartily seconded by her generous publishers. As Mrs. Dodge has said of him, Mr. Roswell Smith, the founder of the magazine, was "ambitious for the work in hand, rather than for himself. He counted no cost too great for the carrying out of a plan; and the success of ST. NICHOLAS has rested upon his energy and liberality." In her editorial work, also, she was fortunate in having capable and devoted assistants who shared her own enthusiasm for the magazine and its readers. The work was never drudgery to her nor to them. Her ardent zeal, keen wit, and tireless invention brightened with zest the dullest hour and the hardest task. Winter or summer, her spirits were unflagging, her powers always mettlesome and ready. Her mind teemed with ideas. Many a time, to fill a page or two in ST. NICHOLAS, she has written, at white heat and while the presses were waiting, contributions in prose and verse that are now household favorites in the land.

An incident connected with her editorial career on "Hearth and Home" illustrates the spirit which always animated her. A happy idea came to her that would, she knew, greatly improve the number of the paper just then going to press. But—it involved a change of many pages, the rewriting of almost the entire con-

tents of her department, and—the presses were waiting. A consultation was quickly held; the project was outlined and was promptly declared by all to be an inspiration. But could it be carried out in time? A half-hour went by in discussion; and then the decision was gently broken to Mrs. Dodge in the words: "It is impossible. We are very sorry, but it is impossible."

"Yes, I know. It is impossible, of course. But let's do it, just the same! Why not?" was the quick, inspiring reply; and it was done—to the final enthusiastic admiration of all concerned.

What she attempted, she performed. There was no emergency, great or small, to which she was not equal; there was no Hill of Difficulty which she did not easily climb; for she believed with Emerson that "difficulties exist to be surmounted."

Perhaps it is not too much to say that with the advent of ST. NICHOLAS the Children's Age began. Assuredly, nothing to compare with it had ever been known before. In proof of this, let us quote from a recent issue of the New York "Evening Post" this cordial recognition of what the magazine did in those days:

In that golden era the ST. NICHOLAS published several of Trowbridge's best tales, "The Young Surveyor" and others of the "Jack Hazard" series; Noah Brooks's "Boy Emigrants," Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins," and some of the wittiest and most whimsical of Frank R. Stockton's short sketches. Surely that is a noble muster-roll. Graybeards of forty will testify to the eagerness with which they awaited the mail that brought the ST. NICHOLAS, to the gusto with which they plunged into the fresh instalment of Trowbridge or Miss Alcott, to the earnestness with which they begged to sit up a little later that night, and to the bright, troubled dreams in which they lived over the fascinating adventures. But in a day or two the magazine had been read from cover to cover, including the alluring advertisements of bargains in foreign stamps and jig-saws; and twenty-eight long days stretched away before the next issue.

"Are n't you going to ask me to write for ST. NICHOLAS?" asked Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when he met Mrs. Dodge for the first time.

"I am not sure that you can! Do you think you are equal to it?" was the bantering reply, to which he quickly answered:

"Oh, but I must and shall! for my sister and I used to scramble for ST. NICHOLAS every month, when I was a kid."

How gloriously he redeemed his vow and earned the lasting gratitude of the *ST. NICHOLAS* editor and readers is indeed a cause of congratulation not only to the magazine but to the world. For a few weeks later, at Mrs. Dodge's home, he outlined the wonderful stories of little "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" and "Toomai of the Elephants," and her joy may be imagined, as these were the first two of the famous "Jungle Stories" which were written especially for this magazine. The incident illustrates, however, Mrs. Dodge's editorial gift of enlisting great writers in the service of children and of getting from each of them his or her best. She had always the fitting word for every occasion, and her wide and intimate acquaintance with the greatest writers of the time was made to contribute to the benefit of the eager-minded boys and girls. It was through her personal friendship with William Cullen Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, and John G. Whittier that those distinguished poets became frequent contributors to *ST. NICHOLAS*. But she had also the gift of inspiring all contributors with her own zeal in behalf of her beloved army of child-readers, and it was invariably in their name, and not for her own sake, that she made her appeal, as this extract from a letter to her good friend Mr. Whittier will testify:

DEAR MR. WHITTIER: I cannot help hoping that among your unwritten poems there may be some song or story for children — some Christmas thought or some personal reminiscence of a sleigh-ride or boyish coasting — in short, a legend or something from school-life, home-life, or thought-life that you may feel like giving to the children. If so, thousands upon thousands of them will be glad — and so will we editors be — and so will you be, for I know you truly enjoy making others happy.

The gentle poet responded, in due time, with a characteristic story in verse.

Even Lord Tennyson was persuaded by an irresistible letter to contribute the two exquisite child-songs which appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS* in 1880. There is little doubt that personal friendship — the authors' liking for Mrs. Dodge as well as for the magazine — helped to secure for *ST. NICHOLAS* such serials as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the most popular juvenile story of its day, and

Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer Abroad"; besides notable single contributions by leading writers, including President Roosevelt, John Hay, Bret Harte, Mrs. Oliphant, Mary E. Wilkins, W. D. Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bayard Taylor, George W. Cable, John Burroughs, Frank R. Stockton, Charles Dudley Warner, and other authors of equal reputation.

Who shall measure the benefit which she thus conferred upon the boys and girls of America and upon their parents?

But, after all, this was only the lesser part of the service which she rendered. Far greater than any contribution or set of contributions to the magazine, was the patient, ceaseless, ardent attention which the editor herself bestowed upon its pages, and the conscientious, unremitting thoroughness of her work upon it from month to month and year to year.

No mention of Mrs. Dodge's editorial life would be complete without reference to the department which was her own especial joy and pride — though, all too modestly, she never even acknowledged its authorship. What reader of the early volumes of *ST. NICHOLAS* will ever forget the famous "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the inimitably wise and witty little preacher whose tiny discourses of the keenest sense and most inspiring nonsense — sometimes uttered from the "pulpit" direct, and at others through the blithe "Little School-ma'am" or good "Deacon Green" — were a feast for the minds and souls of young folks every month? It is no betrayal of a confidence, now, to reveal that Mrs. Dodge was herself "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Deacon Green," and the "Little School-ma'am" all in one. These were very actual and charming personages, however, to the boys and girls of that time. Like Shakespeare's characters to children of a larger growth, they were quite as "real" as many of the living, breathing folk whose voices we hear and whose hands we touch. There was never so delightful a department for young readers as "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," nor one so endeared by matchless wit and wisdom to every youthful heart.

As if the heavy and steadily recurring tasks of editorial work were not enough, Mrs. Dodge found time, in the intervals of her busy life, to

publish, in the year 1874, her famous "Rhymes and Jingles"; in 1877, a book of essays and short stories entitled "Theophilus and Others"; and in 1879 a collection of poems and verses for grown-up readers, entitled "Along the Way."

From the first issue the success of "Rhymes and Jingles" was almost as great as that of "Hans Brinker." Their keen wit and frolicsome jollity, their cleverness and pith and point, had an irresistible charm for youngsters, who delighted in the nonsense-verses and jingles, declaring them "every bit as good as 'Mother Goose'"; while parents found many pieces useful as sermonettes for the nursery. Many a child has been shamed out of the crying habit by the story of "Whimpy, Little Whimpy" who

"cried so much one day
That his mother could n't stand it
And his father ran away."

And there are hundreds of like rhymes which are equally familiar to every ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl, for Mrs. Dodge continued to write delightful verses for the magazine long after "Rhymes and Jingles" was published as a book. Nor were they all mere clever jingles of words, or rhymes with a moral. In many of them there was genuine poetry and a fine lyric quality. The music-book "St. Nicholas Songs" gives ample evidence of this, for more than a third of all the text in the volume was written by Mrs. Dodge.

"Theophilus and Others" was a book of stories and sketches for grown people. Among its contents were a remarkably clever satire, "The Insanity of Cain," which at once attracted wide notice, and that mirth-provoking comicality in Irish dialect "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question." This skit—well worthy to rank with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese"—had an enormous popularity in its day, and has since been included in almost every collection of humorous masterpieces. It was written in a single evening, to fill a blank space in a magazine. Charlotte Cushman immediately gave it a place of honor in her public readings as one of her favorite selections, and sending for its author asked her to write a companion-piece. A

long and warm friendship between the two distinguished women dated from this interview.

With her usual modesty, Mrs. Dodge would not dignify her volume of verse by the name of "poems," preferring the simple title of "Along the Way." But, as one critic said of it at the time, "It is a happy thing for those of us who do not walk such ways to have her show us what may there be seen." Only last year Mrs. Dodge was persuaded to issue a new edition of this work, under the title "Poems and Verses." Throughout, it shows sincerity of poetic feeling; a rich imagination; a genuine love of nature; and a happy serenity of heart. "Enfoldings," the sonnet on "The Stars," "Inverted," "The Two Mysteries," and not a few other pieces are poems indeed—poems that the world will not willingly let die. They have found their way already into various Anthologies of Poetry, whose editors—some of them distinguished critics—are quite willing to call them poems, even if their author was not.

In 1882 Mrs. Dodge wrote as a serial for ST. NICHOLAS her well-known "Donald and Dorothy," the narrative of a boy's chivalrous love for his sister. This was one of her favorites among her books, and it is still one of the most popular of children's stories in the book-stores and libraries. It has an original and absorbing plot and a full share of the author's rich humor. In description and character-drawing, it quite equals "Hans Brinker." So alluringly were the brother and sister depicted that in many families throughout the land there are living Donalds and Dorothys who were named after the hero and heroine of Mrs. Dodge's noble story.

In 1894 she brought out two other books: "The Land of Pluck," a collection of sketches and stories which takes its name from the opening article about Holland, and "When Life is Young," a collection of her later verses for children. The first of these ought to be read by every lover of "Hans Brinker," for it adds many new and fresh pictures of Dutch life to those which the earlier book presented; while the volume of verses opens with her well-known poem "The Minuet," and contains many other favorite pieces. Both books have won the heartiest praise from critics, and a very large audience among young readers. With "Poems

and Verses," already mentioned, these complete a list of seven books which Mrs. Dodge has published during her editorial career—truly a remarkable showing, considering the pressure and exactions of her extremely busy life. And, in addition, she compiled from the volumes of the magazine, with most conscientious care and skill, two famous nursery-books for very little folk, entitled "Baby Days" and "Baby World," which in their special field never have been equaled in merit or popularity.

The "Hans Brinker" occurrence in the



MRS. DODGE AT ABOUT THE TIME WHEN SHE BECAME EDITOR OF "ST. NICHOLAS."

Holland book-store was matched by several like incidents. During a conversation which had turned upon the many varieties of dialect in the British Isles, Mrs. Dodge once asked a distinguished general of the Civil War—a courtly, well-read gentleman of Irish ancestry—where she could find a piece of genuine and accurate Irish dialect. He replied: "Why, I happen to have one in my pocket. It is simply perfect"; and, to her astonishment, he drew forth her own "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question."

"But you are jesting," she said. "You know who wrote that."

"No," he answered. "I clipped it from a newspaper, as you see, and the author's name is not given."

"But—I wrote it," said Mrs. Dodge.

"You wrote it!" exclaimed the general, in amazement. "Surely you are jesting!"

When she took down a copy of "Theophilus and Others" and turned to the page containing "Miss Maloney," he laughed heartily and said, with a touch of blarney: "Well, even if you did write it, it is just what you asked me for—a bit of perfect Irish dialect."

Again at a certain evening reception at Mrs. Dodge's home it chanced that a well-known singer gave as an encore a musical setting of the little poem "Snow-Flakes." After the applause had subsided, another guest said to the singer, "Your choice of 'Snow-Flakes' was a pretty compliment to Mrs. Dodge."

"In what way, please? I don't understand."

"Why, you know she wrote the words," was the reply.

"Oh, pardon me," said the singer; "the verses were written by Longfellow. See, here it is, in print, upon the music: 'Words by Henry W. Longfellow.'"

"But Mrs. Dodge wrote it, nevertheless; it is the music-publisher who is mistaken. I will show you the verses themselves in 'Along the Way.'"

Without waiting for this, the singer hurried to her hostess, and asked eagerly, "Oh, Mrs. Dodge, did you really write 'Snow-Flakes'?"

"For poor Mr. Longfellow's sake, I must confess that I did!" was the answer. "But in the latest edition of the song, I am glad to say, justice has been done to Mr. Longfellow and my name appears in place of his."

On another and a sadder occasion, Mrs. Dodge called upon a dear friend who had recently suffered a sore bereavement, and who said to her visitor, in response to a word of earnest sympathy, "I have received, to-day, a little poem which has brought me more comfort than anything else. A friend cut it from a newspaper and sent it to me"; and, to Mrs. Dodge's surprise, she began to read "The Two Mysteries." It must have been a still dearer solace for the mourner when she learned that the tender hand which was then resting upon hers had penned the poem.

A great many others have treasured and loved these consoling stanzas without knowing who wrote them. When they were originally published in October, 1876, it was the custom of magazines to print the names of the authors of contributions in the table of contents only. For this reason, no doubt, the verses were widely copied by the newspapers of the time with no name signed to them. Moreover, they have been many times credited to Walt Whitman, because of the incident narrated in the head-note in connection with that well-known poet. Of course, that incident did suggest the form and phrasing of the lines. But Walt Whitman himself and his literary executors have repeatedly corrected the mistake which ascribed it to him, and have made it clear that Mrs. Dodge, and not he, had written this inspired and lofty poem.

In her personality, Mrs. Dodge was one of the most lovely and lovable of women. There was in her face a higher quality than what the world calls beauty. As her pictures show, she had a fair and noble countenance, but the first and the most lasting impression which she made was that of a singular radiance and cheer.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton used to relate quietly, but with a twinkle of the eye, a story of his first meeting with Mrs. Dodge. From the fact that she was "a writer and editor for little folks," he had conceived an ideal of her as "a tall, spare, angular woman, very old-maidish in appearance, with a Maria Edgeworth type of face, spectacles at her eyes, and little round curls dangling in front of her ears." When, therefore, on entering her sanctum in the office of "Hearth and Home," he was greeted warmly, as he has often said, by "one of the most attractive and brilliant women he had ever seen," aglow with enthusiasm and wit, he was surprised almost to the point of embarrassment. It is needless to say that it was a fortunate meeting for both, and the beginning of a long association in which they were the happiest and heartiest of co-workers. Mr. Stockton soon joined the editorial staff of "Hearth and Home"; when Mrs. Dodge took charge of the new magazine, *St. Nicholas*, he accepted at her request the position of assistant editor, which he retained for several years;

and until the close of his life each of these two favorite writers for children had no better friend than the other.

At the varied social gatherings which she enjoyed in those days — whether in homes of affluence or in the studios of artistic and literary workers — Mrs. Dodge was eagerly sought and welcomed for her infectious gaiety, the felicitous surprises of her conversation, her sincerity, kindness, and good will. During her later years repeated illnesses lessened her activities, both social and literary, but they could not chill her joyous spirit nor her warmth of nature. Even when far from well, she could rarely forego the pleasure of welcoming her friends to her home, in one of the large apartment-buildings overlooking Central Park. Within the spacious rooms, her artistic tastes, rare sense of color, and love of elegance and refinement were reflected in the rugs and the antique furniture, the soft lights, and the family portraits on the walls. On one evening of each week, she was "at home" to a little coterie of special friends and cronies whose affection was very dear to her. She always counted upon these "little evenings," as she called them, which will be ever memorable to those who had the privilege of sharing in them. She was an ideal hostess, whose face shone with the happiness of seeing others happy. The hospitality was of the simplest. There was no formality in these friendly gatherings, but only the most homelike feeling and camaraderie. She was always their central figure, and the charm of her personality was their dominant joy. Without her, they could not have been.

A memorable chapter in Mrs. Dodge's life began with her purchase, in 1888, of a cottage in the summer colony at Onteora Park, in the Catskill Mountains. In the beginning it was a simple little square frame-house, and Mrs. Dodge took great delight in adding, year by year, a room or a veranda, a bay-window or an extension, until she created, at last, a quaint, many-gabled home, to which, each season, she joyfully returned. Nestling upon the slope of Onteora Mountain, it faced two lofty summits toward the east; while to the right stretched the beautiful blue gaps and summits of the South Range. Her cottage she named "Yarrow," from the

masses of that little wild-flower which grew close about its doors, and over the fireplace were inscribed as a motto Wordsworth's well-known lines:

"Enough if in our hearts we know
There 's such a place as Yarrow."

It was a rambling, rustic home, unpretentious enough — for simplicity was always one of Mrs.

old-time friends whose cottages neighbored her own or made delightful Meccas for her in her drives about the mountain.

For Onteora had cast its spell, not only upon writers, but upon leading artists, musicians, players, and men of the first rank in their professions, who had found themselves lured to congenial association within its leafy byways. Thus, during one or another happy summer, the ve-



"YARROW" COTTAGE, MRS. DODGE'S SUMMER HOME AT ONTEORA, NEW YORK.

Dodge's chosen virtues, and simplicity reigned without and within. But she loved the cozy rooms with their quaint corners, the fire upon the hearth, and the view, from the veranda, of the green, wooded slopes and the towering blue hills beyond. Here she dwelt, summer after summer, in sweet content; in love with Nature and her little home, and yet more in love with her fellow-colonists — many of them dear and

randa of "Yarrow" echoed to merry laughter when Mark Twain, Laurence Hutton, Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, Carroll Beckwith, or Brander Matthews — fellow-cottagers all — dropped in, with jest or story, and found their own wits sharpened ere they left. Here, too, it was a joy to see Mrs. Dodge's unconscious pride in her elder son, James Mapes Dodge, who, not content with carrying the family genius for inven-

tion to new heights of recognition, is also a marvelous entertainer, telling stories as only he—and possibly his distinguished grandfather—could tell them. Here, again, came her neighbor, "Lady Babbie" herself, the sweet and gracious Maude Adams, with a posy of old-fashioned flowers from her own garden. Here John Burroughs, from the rustic balustrade of "Yarrow," introduced to his hostess the most unfamiliar of her other loved neighbors,—the birds,—naming each as it perched near or flitted by. Hither her most intimate and cherished friend of many years, Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Runkle, and the well-beloved Miss Sarah C. Woolsey, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, brought the sunshine of their presence, and brightened her days as she had brightened theirs. And hither, during her last illness, thronged her other Onteora friends—men and women of generous and gentle hearts—with all manner of neighborly kindnesses and messages of homage and affection.

It is a consoling thought that, when the final summons came, it found her in this peaceful home, where loving hands and hearts ministered to her to the last.

The simple funeral services were held in the Onteora Church, on Wednesday, August 23d. They included the singing of the hymns "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me." The service, read by Rev. Henry Charles Stone, the resident clergyman, was followed by the reading of Mrs. Dodge's own poem, "The Two Mysteries"—the poem that, for so many, has shed a clear light where the way was dark. For her who wrote them, the childlike faith which inspired the lines had always illumined the Valley of the Shadow. "I had to give up one of my boys," she once said, and added, in the same tender tone: "but I don't think God feels about death as we do."

A beautiful and touching tribute was offered by the children of Onteora, who preceded all that was mortal of their friend down the woodland way to the church, and, on the return of the funeral procession, carried reverently in their hands some of the floral offerings with which affection had beautified the chancel. For one of these—a great cross of yarrow—the

children had gathered the blooms; and next day, at the private interment, this cross was laid, as a fitting remembrance, upon Mrs. Dodge's grave in Evergreen Cemetery, near Elizabeth, New Jersey.

It is sad indeed to record her death in the magazine which was her life-work and her greatest pride for so many years. Her unflinching gentleness and courtesy endeared her to all those who were associated with her in her editorial tasks. Each of them remembers with tender gratitude many a special act of kindness, a word of help or warm encouragement fitly spoken; a letter of good cheer or of earnest praise. No one ever came really to know Mrs. Dodge without being better and happier for it—and the impression which she made was strengthened by closer acquaintance. As intimacy grew, so did admiration. She was always greatest to those who knew her best.

Mrs. Dodge would have been the last to claim the entire credit for the success of *St. Nicholas*. Every magazine is, of course, the work of many minds and many hands. No one more promptly or willingly acknowledged how much *St. Nicholas* owed to the business energy and foresight of its publishers, and to the diligence and devotion of her editorial associates. No one gave heartier recognition to the generous coöperation of its contributors and artists. The editorial authority was hers, but she trusted her assistants more and more with the actual making of the magazine; and in her later years she had, of necessity, to depend upon them more and more as she gradually withdrew from active management.

In one sense, she neither will nor can have any successor. But the work which she established and directed so ably will be continued, and will endure, a source of pleasure and of benefit to thousands, adapting itself to new conditions as they arise, and fulfilling—or even enlarging, let us hope—its mission and its influence.

To have sent out into the world a story that is a classic of juvenile literature, and unnumbered verses that have gone straight to the heart of childhood with joy and innocent laugh-

ter; to have created the best of magazines for children, and to have made it vital with the best thought and fancy of the time; to have written poems which touch the soul to a new love of beauty and a stronger faith in God — many a writer would be proud to have achieved any one of these successes. She achieved them all, and with seeming ease. But the reason is not far to seek; for what she did was merely the expression of what she was. All that she wrote and accomplished was as natural as the fruit upon the bough or the blossom on the stem. It was but the flowering of a royal nature — of noble gifts patiently and faithfully used for noble ends.

Her best memorial is already builded by her own life-work, for the volumes of *ST. NICHOLAS* and the copies of her books that are to be found in

thousands of homes to-day will never lie dust-covered, but will continue to gladden the family life, and to inspire a love for goodness, truth, and beauty in the hearts of those who are to come after us. It is given to few to exercise so far-reaching an influence upon young minds, and thus upon the future of the nation. She left the world not only happier, but better than she found it. Few lives have been more worthy and high-minded, more useful and successful, more devoted and unselfish. Perhaps it was a part of her recompense that she retained to the last the charm of inexhaustible youth — the radiance of the morning-time of life. Through all her cares, responsibilities, and sorrows, as through all her laureled years of triumph and success, her heart was as the heart of a little child.

William Fayal Clarke.

M. M. D.

MANY the laurels her bright spirit won;
Now that through tears we read "The End,"
The brightest leaf of all — now all is done —
Is this: "She was the children's friend."

R. W. Gilder.

August 24, 1905.

M. M. D.

LOVER of little ones
Up to the end,
Everywhere children now
Mourn for their friend.

Age could not conquer her,
Youth ne'er forsook;
Child among children, she
Laughed heart and book.

Long on the Lonely Road
She'll never roam:
Hundreds of children will
Welcome her home!

Josephine Daskam Bacon.

August 25, 1905.



"AUTUMN—AND SPRINGTIME."

From a painting by Charles C. Curran.

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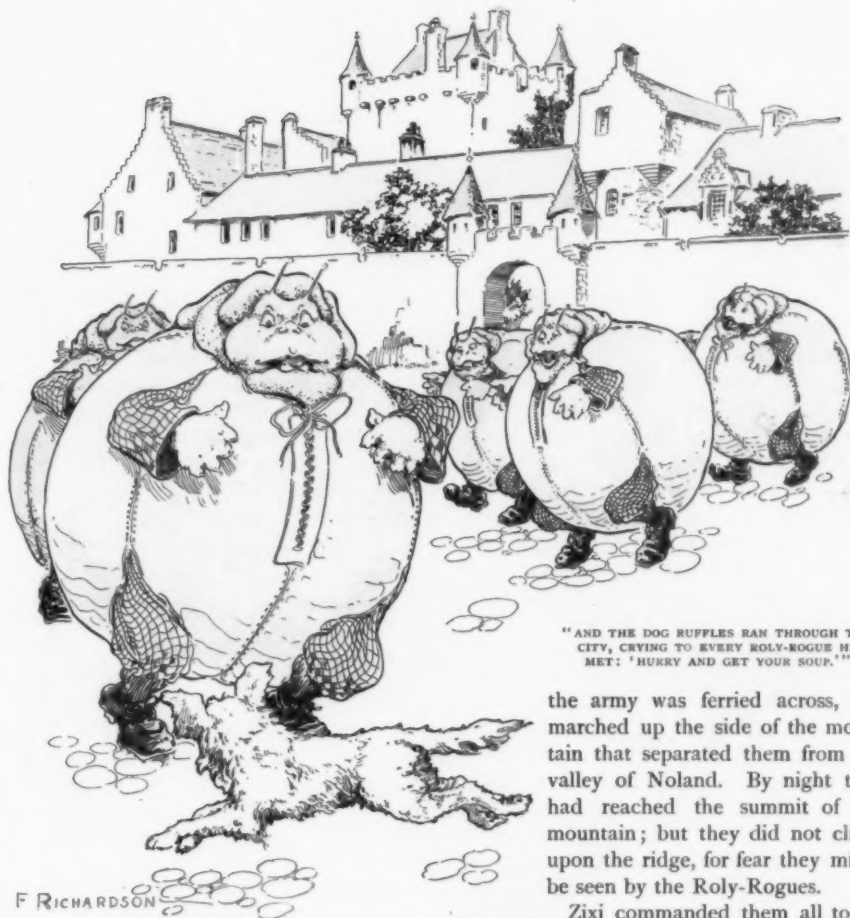
"'I WISH,' GRAVELY ANNOUNCED BUD, 'THAT I MAY BECOME THE BEST KING THAT NOLAND HAS EVER HAD.'"

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QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

Copyright, 1905, by L. FRANK BAUM.

BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."



F RICHARDSON

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MONSTERS.

It was Tuesday when the army of IX started upon its second march into Noland. With it were the witch-queen, King Bud, Princess Fluff, and Aunt Rivette. At evening they encamped on the bank of the river, and on Wednesday

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the army was ferried across, and marched up the side of the mountain that separated them from the valley of Noland. By night they had reached the summit of the mountain; but they did not climb upon the ridge, for fear they might be seen by the Roly-Rogues.

Zixi commanded them all to remain quietly behind the ridge, and they lighted no fires and spoke only in whispers.

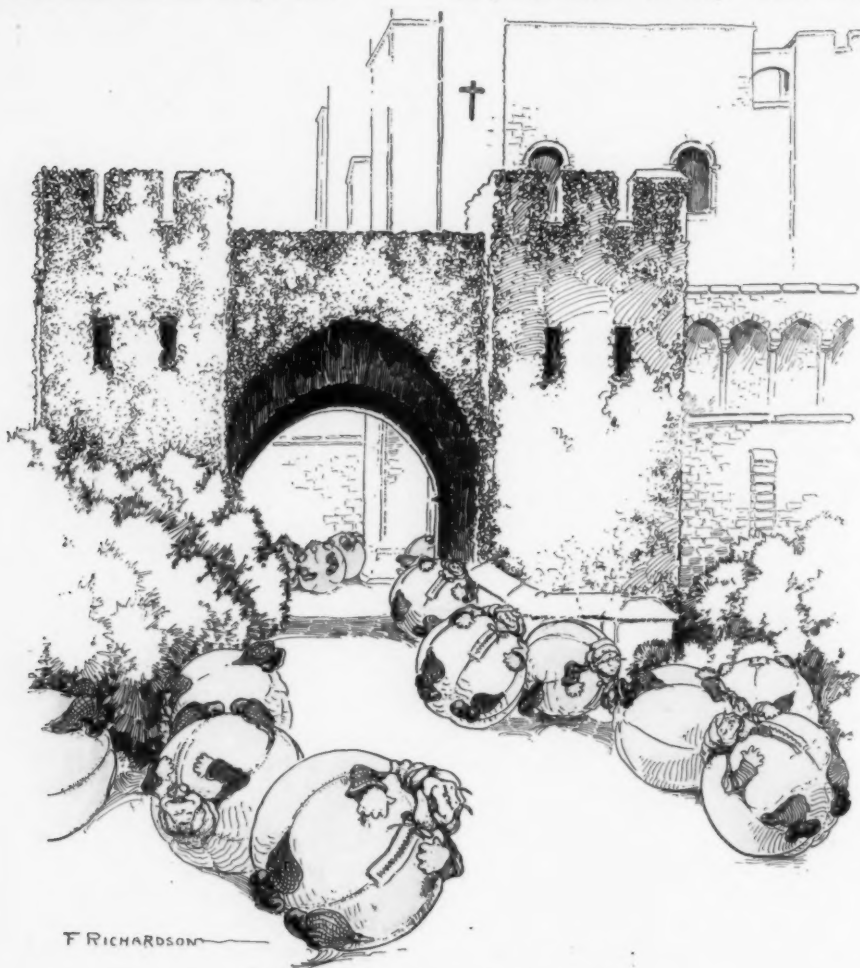
And, although so many thousands of men lay close to the valley of Noland, not a sound came from them to warn the monsters that an enemy was near.

Thursday morning dawned bright and pleasant, and as soon as the sun was up the Roly-

Rogues came crowding around the palace kitchen, demanding that old Tollydob hurry the preparation of their soup. This the general did, trembling in spite of his ten feet of stature; for if they were kept waiting the monsters would prod his flesh with their sharp thorns.

And the dog Ruffles ran through the city, crying to every Roly-Rogue he met: "Hurry and get your soup before it is all gone, for it is especially good this morning!"

So every Roly-Rogue in the valley hurried to the palace kitchen for soup. There were so



"ALL THROUGH THE CITY THE ROLY-ROGUES LAY ASLEEP."

But Tollydob did not forget to empty the contents of the Silver Vial into the soup, as the dog Ruffles had told him to do; and soon it was being vigorously ladled out to the Roly-Rogues by Jikki, the four high counselors, and a dozen other enslaved officers of King Bud.

many that it was noon before the last were served, and these had become so impatient that they abused their slaves in a sad manner.

Yet, even while the last were eating, those who had earlier partaken of the soup lay around the palace sound asleep and snoring loudly;

for the contents of the Silver Vial had the effect of sending all of them to sleep within an hour, and rendering them wholly unconscious for a period of ten hours.

All through the city the Roly-Rogues lay asleep; and, as they always withdrew their heads and limbs into their bodies when they slumbered, they presented a spectacle of thousands of huge balls lying motionless.

When the big kettle was finally empty and the lord high general paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow, the last of the Roly-Rogues were rolling over on their backs from the effects of the potion which the witch-queen had brewed and placed in the Silver Vial.

Aunt Rivette had been flying over the city since early morning; and although the Roly-Rogues had been too intent upon their breakfast to notice her, the old woman's sharp eyes had watched everything that took place below.

Now, when all the monsters had succumbed to the witch-potion, Aunt Rivette flew back to the mountain where the army of Ix was hidden, and carried the news to the witch-queen.

Zixi at once ordered her generals to advance, and the entire army quickly swarmed over the summit of the ridge and ran down the side of the mountain to the gates of the city.

The people, who saw that something unusual was taking place, greeted Bud and Fluff and the witch-queen with shouts of gladness; and even Aunt Rivette, when she flew down among them, was given three hearty cheers.

But there was no time for joyous demonstrations while the streets and public squares were cluttered with the sleeping bodies of the terrible Roly-Rogues. The army of Ix lost no time in carrying out their queen's instructions; and as soon as they entered the city they took the long ropes they carried and wound them fast about the round bodies of the monsters, securely fastening their heads and limbs into their forms so that they could not stick them out again.

Their enemies being thus rendered helpless, the people renewed their shouts of joy and gratitude, and eagerly assisted the soldiers of Ix in rolling all the Roly-Rogues outside the gates and to a wide ledge of the mountain.

The lord high general and all the other counselors threw away their aprons and tools

of servitude and dressed themselves in their official robes. The soldiers of Tollydob's army ran for their swords and pikes, and the women unlocked their doors and trooped into the streets of Nole for the first time since the descent of the monsters.

But the task of liberation was not yet accomplished. All the Roly-Rogues had to be rolled up the side of the mountain to the top-most ridge, and so great was the bulk of their bodies that it took five or six men to roll each one to the mountain-top; and even then they were obliged to stop frequently to rest.

But as soon as they got a Roly-Rogue to the ridge they gave it a push and sent it bounding down the other side of the mountain until it fell into the big river flowing swiftly below.

During the afternoon all the Roly-Rogues were thus dumped into the river, where they bobbed up and down in the water, spinning around and bumping against one another until the current carried them out of sight on their journey to the sea. It was rumored later that they had reached an uninhabited island where they could harm no one but themselves.

"I 'm glad they floated," said Zixi, as she stood upon the mountain ridge and watched the last of the monsters float out of sight; "for if they had sunk they would have filled up the river, there were so many of them."

It was evening when Noland at last became free from her terrible tyrants; and the citizens illuminated the entire city that they might spend the night in feasting and rejoicing over their freedom. The soldiers of Ix were embraced and made much of; and at all the feasts they were the honored guests, while the people of Noland pledged them their sincere friendship forever.

King Bud took possession of the royal palace again, and Jikki bustled about and prepared a grand banquet for the king's guests,—although the old valet grumbled a great deal because his six solemn servants would not assist in waiting upon any one but himself.

The Roly-Rogues had destroyed many things, but the servants of the palace managed to quickly clear away the rubbish and to decorate the banquet-hall handsomely.

Bud placed the beautiful witch-queen upon

his right hand and showed her great honor, for he was really very grateful for her assistance in rescuing his country from the invaders.

The feasting and dancing lasted far into the night; but when at last the people sought their beds they knew they might rest peacefully and free from care, for the Roly-Rogues had gone forever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SAILORMAN'S RETURN.

NEXT day the witch-queen returned with her army to the city of IX, to await the coming of the sailorman with the necktie, and King Bud set about getting his kingdom into running order again.

The lord high purse-bearer dug up his magic purse, and Bud ordered him to pay the shopkeepers full value for everything the Roly-Rogues had destroyed. The merchants were thus enabled to make purchases of new stocks of goods; and although all travelers had for many days kept away from Noland, for fear of the monsters, caravans now flocked in vast numbers to the city of Nole with rich stores of merchandise to sell, so that soon the entire city looked like a huge bazaar.

Bud also ordered a gold piece given to the head of every family; and this did no damage to the ever-filled royal purse, while it meant riches to the poor people who had suffered so much.

Princess Fluff had carried her silver chest back to the palace of her brother, and in it lay, carefully folded, the magic cloak. Being now fearful of losing it, she warned Jikki to allow no one to enter the room in which lay the silver chest, except with her full consent, explaining to him at the same time the value of the cloak.

"And was it this cloak I wore when I wished for half a dozen servants?" asked the old valet.

"Yes," answered Fluff; "Aunt Rivette bade you return it to me, and you were so careless of it that nearly all the high counselors used it before I found it again."

"Then," said Jikki, heedless of the reproof, "will your Highness please use the cloak to rid me of these stupid servants? They are continually at my heels, waiting to serve me; and I am so busy myself serving others that those

six young men almost drive me distracted. It would n't be so bad if they would serve any one else; but they claim they are my servants alone, and refuse to wait upon even his Majesty the king."

"Sometime I will try to help you," answered Fluff; "but I shall not use the cloak again until the miller's son returns from his voyage at sea."

So Jikki was forced to wait as impatiently as the others for the sailorman, and his servants had now become such a burden upon him that he grumbled every time he looked around and saw them standing in a stiff line behind him.

Aunt Rivette again took possession of her rooms at the top of the palace; and although Bud, grateful for her courage in saving him and his sister from the Roly-Rogues, would gladly have given her handsomer apartments, the old woman preferred to be near the roof, where she could take flight into the air whenever it pleased her to go out.

With her big wings and her power to fly as a bird, she was the envy of all the old gossips she had known in the days when she worked as a laundress; and now she would often alight upon the door-step of some humble friend and tell of the wonderful adventures she had encountered.

This never failed to surround her with an admiring circle of listeners, and Aunt Rivette derived far more pleasure from her tattle than from living in a palace with her nephew the king.

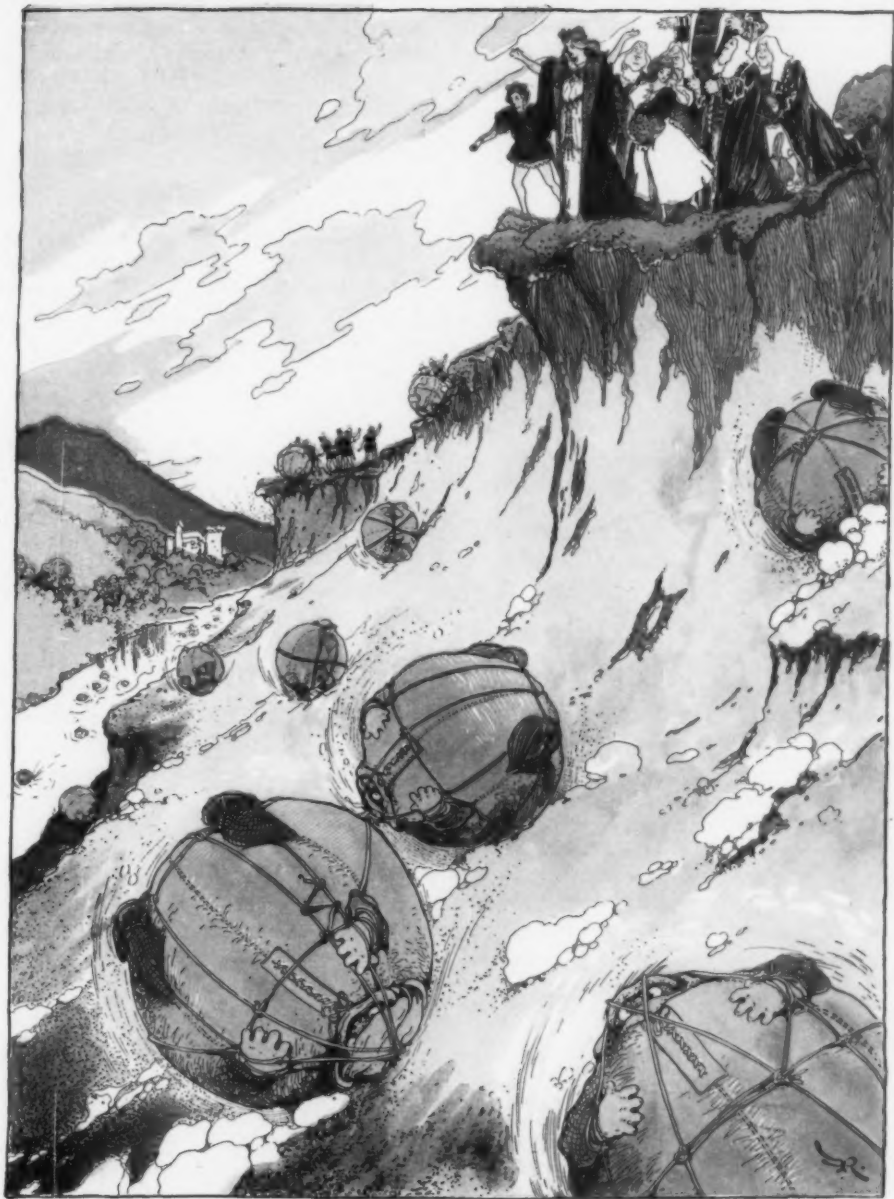
The kingdom of Noland soon took on the familiar look of its former prosperity, and the Roly-Rogues were only remembered with shudders, as one remembers a nightmare, and spoken of in awed whispers.

And so the days wore away until late in the autumn, when, one morning, a mounted soldier from Queen Zixi dashed into Nole and rode furiously up to the palace gate.

"The sailorman is found!" he shouted, throwing himself from his horse and bowing low before little King Bud, who had come out to meet him.

"Good," remarked Bud.

"The Queen of IX is even now riding to your Majesty's city with a large escort surrounding the sailorman," continued the soldier.



"ALL THE ROLY-ROGUES WERE THUS ROLLED INTO THE RIVER, WHERE
THEY BOBBED UP AND DOWN IN THE WATER."

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"And has he the necktie?" asked Bud, eagerly.

"He is wearing it, your Majesty," answered the man; "but he refuses to give it to any one but the Princess Fluff."

"That's all right," said the king; and, re-

which the witch-queen rode were lines of soldiers to keep the way clear of the crowding populace.

Behind the queen came the sailorman, carefully guarded by Zixi's most trusted soldiers.



"THE SAILORMAN IS FOUND!" HE SHOUTED.

entering the palace, he ordered Jikki to make preparations to receive the witch-queen.

When Zixi came to the city gates she found General Tollydob, in a gorgeous new uniform, waiting to escort her to the palace. The houses were gay with flags and streamers; bands were playing; and on each side of the street along

He looked uneasy at so great a reception, and rode his horse as awkwardly as a sailor might.

So the cavalcade came to the palace, which was thronged with courtiers and ladies in waiting.

Zixi and the sailorman were ushered into the great throne-room, where King Bud, wearing

his ermine robe and jeweled crown, sat gravely upon his throne, with Princess Fluff near by.

"Your Majesty," began the witch-queen, bowing prettily, "I have brought you the sailorman at last. He has just returned from his voyage, and my soldiers captured him at his mother's cottage by the mill. But he refuses to give the necktie to any one except the Princess Fluff."

out another fifty, and all were given to the sailorman.

Then the miller's son unfastened the necktie from about his collar and handed it to Fluff.



"THIS IS NOT THE NECKTIE YOUR MOTHER GAVE YOU!"

"I am the Princess Fluff," said Meg to the sailor; "and your necktie is part of my magic cloak. So please give it back to me."

The sailor shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"My mother told me," he finally said, "that King Bud would give me fifty gold pieces for it, and the Queen of IX would give me another fifty gold pieces, and that your Highness would give me fifty neckties."

"That is all true," returned Fluff; "so here are the fifty neckties."

Tillydib, the lord high purse-bearer, counted out fifty gold pieces, and Zixi's treasurer counted

During the murmur of satisfaction that followed, the girl unlocked her silver chest, which Jikki had brought, and drew out the magic cloak. Lifting the skirt of the garment, she attempted to fit the sailor's necktie into the place it should go; and then, while every one looked on with breathless interest, the girl lifted a white face to the sailorman and exclaimed:

"This is not the necktie your mother gave you!"

For a moment there was silence, while all present glared angrily upon the sailor. Then the king, rising from his seat, demanded:

"Are you sure, Fluff? Are you sure of that?"

"Of course I'm sure," said the girl; "it is neither the shape nor the color of the missing patch."

Bud turned to the now trembling sailor.

"Why have you tried to deceive us?" he asked sternly.

"Oh, your Majesty!" returned the man, wringing his hands miserably, "I lost the necktie in a gale at sea, for I knew nothing of its value. And when I came home my mother told me of all the gold you had offered for its return, and advised me to deceive you by wearing another necktie. She said you would never know the difference."

"Your mother is a foolish woman, as well as dishonest," answered Bud; "and you shall both be severely punished. Tellydeb,"

king; and then all looked up to see the beautiful Lulea, queen of the fairies, standing beside the throne.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

EVERY eye was now fixed upon the exquisite form of the fairy queen, which shed a glorious radiance throughout the room, and filled every heart with an awe and admiration not unmingled with fear.

"The magic cloak was woven by my band," said the fairy, speaking so distinctly that all could hear the words; "and our object was to bring relief to suffering mortals—not to add to their worries. Some good the cloak has accomplished, I am sure; but also has it been used foolishly, and to no serious purpose. Therefore I,



F. RICHARDSON

"OH, YOUR MAJESTY—" SHE BEGAN EAGERLY.

he continued, addressing the lord high executioner, "take this man to prison, and see that he is fed on bread and water until further orders."

"Not so!" exclaimed a sweet voice near the

who gave the cloak, shall now take it away. The good that has been done shall remain; but the foolish wishes granted shall now be canceled." With these words, she turned and

lightly lifted the shimmering magic garment from the lap of the princess.

"One moment, please!" cried Bud, eagerly. "Cannot I have my wish? I waited until I could wish wisely, you know; and then the cloak would n't work."

With a smile, Lulea threw the cloak over the boy's shoulders.

"Wish!" said she.

"I wish," announced Bud, gravely, "that I may become the best king that Noland has ever had!"

"Your wish is granted," returned the fairy, sweetly; "and it shall be the last wish fulfilled through the magic cloak."

But now Zixi rushed forward and threw herself upon her knees before the fairy.

"Oh, your Majesty—" she began eagerly; but Lulea instantly silenced her with an abrupt gesture.

"Plead not to me, Queen of Ix!" said the dainty immortal, drawing back from Zixi's prostrate form. "You know that we fairies do not approve of witchcraft. However long your arts may permit you to live, you must always beware a mirror!"

Zixi gave a sob and buried her pretty face in her hands; and it was Fluff whose tender heart prompted her to raise the witch-queen and try to comfort her.

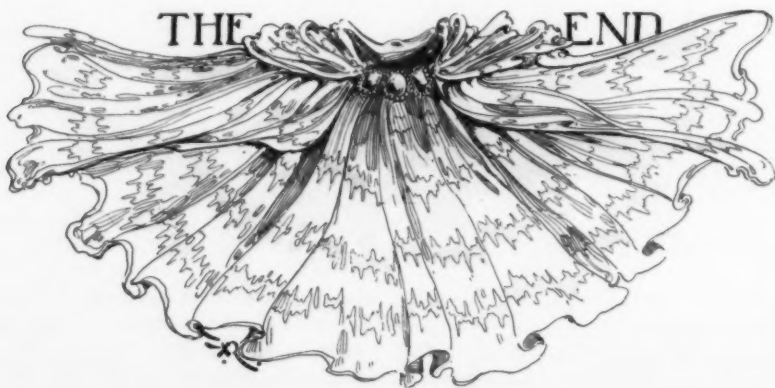
For a moment all present had looked at Zixi. When their eyes again sought the form of the fairy, Lulea had vanished, and with her disappeared forever from Noland the magic cloak.

Some important changes had been wrought through the visit of the fairy. Jikki's six servants were gone, to the old valet's great delight. The ten-foot general had shrunken to six feet in height, Lulea having generously refrained from reducing old Tollydob to his former short stature. Ruffles, to the grief of the lord high steward, could no longer talk; but Tallydab comforted himself with the knowledge that his dog could at least understand every word addressed to him. The lord high executioner found he could no longer reach farther than other men; but the royal purse of old Tillydib remained ever filled, which assured the future prosperity of the kingdom of Noland.

As for Zixi, she soon became reconciled to her fate, and returned to Ix to govern her country with her former liberality and justice.

The last wish granted by the magic cloak was doubtless the most beneficial and far-reaching of all; for King Bud ruled many years with exceeding wisdom and gentleness, and was greatly beloved by each and every one of his admiring subjects.

The cheerfulness and sweet disposition of Princess Fluff became renowned throughout the world, and when she grew to womanhood many brave and handsome princes from other countries came to Nole to sue for her heart and hand. One of these she married, and reigned as queen of a great nation in after years, winning quite as much love and respect from her people as his loyal subjects bestowed upon her famous brother, King Bud of Noland.



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THE LITTLE GOOD SAMARITAN AND



THE TALL, TALL LOAF.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

EVERYBODY was dodging first to the right, then to the left,—and finally a man's hat was knocked off. The crowds streaming out of old Notre Dame rendered it difficult to approach nearer the excitable hands and heads, although it was plainly to be seen that a tall loaf of bread alternately disappearing and bobbing into view was the cause of the merriment. Hats were tilted sidewise, chins were tipped upward, people backed upon one another's toes, pressed forward upon one another's heels, laughed, gesticu-

lated, became angry, and laughed again. In the midst of this whirlpool of jostling humanity was a cleared space of goodly circumference, in the center of which I beheld a little American miss, carrying the tallest loaf of bread I ever saw. Had she been a little Parisian and used to such burdens, she would have known that to turn about in so great a throng meant that the top end of that loaf would surely bump into somebody; that is, if she had carried it across her shoulder, as did Gladys. But she was

plainly quite unconscious that she was causing a commotion; and thus it came to pass that this particular loaf of bread swung around like an over-sensitive wind-vane and distributed bumps north, east, south, and west in reckless profusion. Of course everybody laughed, for all the victims were polite and good-natured, and besides, the "petite" excused herself so prettily in French that some of the most amused onlookers feigned to be hit when they actually were not. But when Gladys turned to ask pardon of a woman who clapped her hands to her hat and cried "Oh!" the far end of the loaf would whirl in front of a Frenchman's eyes, and he would cry "Ah!" And when she wheeled about to ask pardon of this Frenchman who cried "Ah!" that same crusty end would swing perilously near as many hats and chins as it could possibly encounter in half a circle. Indeed, there is no telling how the "petite" ever would have caught up with her list of excuses had I not recognized my little country woman and rescued her and the bread from further difficulties.

"Oh, is it *you*? I am so glad!" was her hearty greeting. "And, oh, *now* I need n't go back home for Marie, for you will take her place, and go with me—won't you, please? It is only a little way from here."

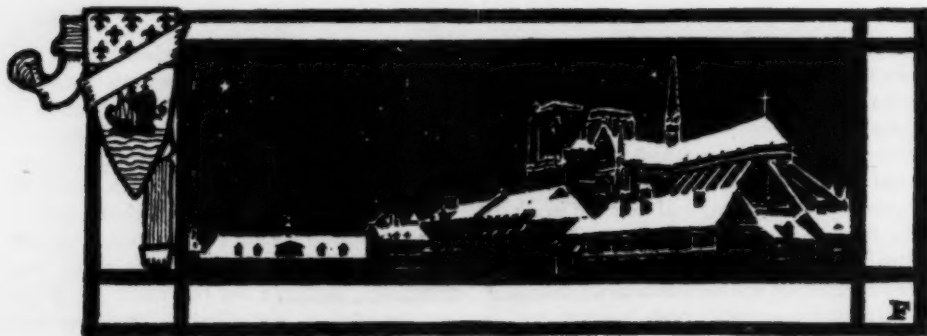
I cheerfully consented to serve as nurse and guardian for the "little way"; and as we both hurried from the cathedral swarms, toward the narrow streets on the other side of the river,—and we hurried to keep warm, for it was an extremely cold morning,—Gladys confided to me her secret, which up to that time she had not mentioned to any one.

It seems that, on the day before, a tiny

French girl had posed in her father's studio, and that after the child had left for her home Gladys inquired why it was that all little girls do not have round, plump, rosy cheeks like her own. For the first time Gladys learned that all little girls do not have the nourishing food which helps to make round, plump, rosy cheeks. This explanation set her little brain to thinking, and reminded her of a "tall, tall loaf" of bread which she had seen freshly displayed that very afternoon. It was in the window of a bakery just across the square from the great cathedral, and only three blocks distant from her father's studio. So, the next morning immediately after breakfast she had started out and bought the "tall, tall loaf." It was while burdened with this great length of bread that I discovered her in front of Notre Dame, and then I carried the loaf for her to the dingy quarters we were soon entering. After a breathless climb up two dark flights of stairs, the little model who had posed on the previous day responded to our knocking, and Gladys handed her the bread and said something in French to her mother, which I fancy must have referred to round, plump, rosy cheeks, for the woman lifted the corner of a shawl to her eyes as though wiping away tears.

It is a common sight in Paris to see working-people carrying long loaves of bread, but this one that Gladys purchased was the longest I ever saw, and must certainly have measured six feet in length.

I thought of Gladys and her generous errand that night, as I looked from my own studio-window across to the great snow-covered roof of Notre Dame gleaming cold under the wintry stars.





Four gunners, marching over the hill
 With guns and dogs, all ready to kill.
 Three foxes, scampering over the lea—
 I wonder if they will see!
 O, bird! flying above in the blue,
 Can't you see the gunners are looking at you?
 And little red foxes, down on the plain,
 Run! or you ne'er may run again:
 The gunners are taking aim.—
 Four loud bangs! Four dogs run!
 Each man lowers a deadly gun.
 Alas! what mischief have they done?

The bird sails on, high above in the blue.—
 Oh, gunners!! the foxes are laughing at you.
 And we are, too.



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

IX. HOW PINKEY TREATED THE PUBLIC.

PINKEY PERKINS was hurrying from school to the Opera-house. The "Colson Comedy Company" had arrived in town that afternoon, to remain two days, and Pinkey felt his services might be in demand.

"What you a-hurryin' so for, Pinkey?" puffed Bunny Morris, coming up behind him on a run.

"Goin' to get a job peddlin' bills for the show t'-night. Come on!" and Pinkey broke into a run, followed by the ever-faithful Bunny.

Arrived at the Opera-house, Pinkey, as spokesman for the pair, made their desires known to the manager, who informed them that there were four boys already distributing bills, and their services were not needed.

Undaunted by this disappointment, Pinkey asked if there was "anything else they could do to get in." The manager replied that there was not, and told them not to "pester" him any more.

But they would not leave. They remained on the stage, offering a helping hand here and there, and getting in the way generally, hoping that by remaining present and in evidence they might be of enough assistance to gain the coveted "Pass this boy" for the evening's performance. If the passes were forthcoming, they hoped to obtain later the necessary permission from home.

The stage was finally set, and everything was in readiness for the play that night. Pinkey and Bunny contrived to keep within the manager's notice, that he might not overlook them and make it necessary to ask him for passes. Their manœuvres availing them nothing, Pinkey finally mustered up courage enough to say to the manager: "Bunny Morris 'n' me could come to the show t'-night if we had a pass."

"You have n't done anything to earn a

pass," replied the manager, getting vexed; "now run away and don't bother any more."

"We 've worked, helpin' shift scenery," persisted Pinkey, unwilling to give up.

Then a new thought flashed through the manager's mind. Here was a chance to have some fun at the boys' expense.

"If you kids want to see the show to-night," said he, "you can go on the stage and take parts. We were going to leave out two characters, but you can help us make the cast complete."

The two boys exchanged glances. Could it be that at last they were to have their one ambition realized, that they were to become real actors?

The other members of the company assembled in the wings to witness the fun.

"Were you ever on the stage before?" queried the manager, critically.

Pinkey said he had delivered the "Welcome Address" at the church on "Children's Day," and Bunny said he had sung in the chorus on the same occasion.

"Oh, well, then," said the manager, winking at one of the actors, "you 'll both do excellently—you're just the boys we want. Now we 'll have to rehearse, so that you can get your lines for to-night."

So saying, he called Pinkey and Bunny to the center of the stage and explained the situation to them.

"Now remember," said he, "you are two brothers who, in your youth, separated to seek your fortunes. You have not seen each other for twenty-two years. You"—indicating Pinkey—"have been in prison all that time for a crime you did not commit, and you"—indicating Bunny—"have searched the world over all these years to find your brother." Both boys were too intent on their parts to notice the dis-

crepancy between their actual and their supposed ages.

Finally, after further detailed instructions, they began to rehearse. With serious faces and tragic strides, they repeatedly met in the middle of the stage and went through their act.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bunny, "methinks I see a familiar look in those eyes. Dost know me, stranger?"

"Nay, nay, friend," replies Pinkey, solemnly, "I know thee not. For twenty-two long years have I lived behind a dungeon's bars, an innocent man."

"Ah, ha!" cries Bunny; "I thought it—I thought it! Hast thou a strawberry-mark on thy left shoulder?"

"I haive," says the realistic Pinkey, in a very dramatic way, to the convulsive delight of the onlookers.

"Then thou art my own long-lost brother!" shouts Bunny, endeavoring to clasp the doubting Pinkey in a fond embrace.

Pinkey holds him at arm's length. "Come not near me. I call no man 'brother' until he sing to me a lay of our childhood. — Ah, that voice!"

Whereupon Bunny bursts forth with the words of the "Welcome Carol" he had joined in singing on "Children's Day." This satisfies the skeptical Pinkey, and the two rush headlong into each other's arms.

Here the curtain was supposed to fall.

Time after time did they rehearse, until the manager told them they did beautifully. Then they hurried proudly away under instructions to return in time to go through their parts a few more times before the curtain went up.

On the way home, after discussing the matter with Bunny, Pinkey decided that in order to make his portrayal of the character of convict all the more realistic, he should have his hair clipped short. For a long time he had nourished an unquenchable desire to have his hair clipped, but never could he obtain parental sanction to his longing. But he felt



"'THEN THOU ART MY LONG-LOST BROTHER,' SHOUTS BUNNY, ENDEAVORING TO CLASP THE DOUBTING PINKEY IN A FOND EMBRACE."

that there could be no objection when it was done in the cause of "the Drama."

Pinkey knew a boy who was learning the barber's trade and was in the habit of cutting hair free of charge, and to him he went to be shorn.

Bursting with importance, Pinkey hurried home from the barber shop to acquaint his mother with his new stroke of fortune, and to urge the necessity of returning to rehearse again immediately after supper.

His elation was short-lived. The greeting he received, as he entered the sitting-room, was far from reassuring.

"Pinkerton Perkins," gasped his mother, "what *have* you been up to now, and who cut your hair?"

"I 'm goin' to act in the show at the Opera-house t'-night, 'n' I 'm to be a convict, so I got my hair clipped, to look like a convict."

Mrs. Perkins could not find suitable words to express her feelings in the matter, so she remanded Pinkey to his room, to await his father's arrival. No amount of explanation or persuasion on Pinkey's part could bring his mother to take his view of the proceeding.

"They can't *have* the show without me and Bunny," he pleaded as his final argument.

"You 'll have show enough when your father comes home," warned the mother; "the *i-d-e-a* of you getting your head shaved!"

Heavy-hearted and apprehensive, mumbling something about "not shaved, only clipped," Pinkey went up to his room and sat down on his bed to await developments. His stage career seemed blighted before it had even begun, and the outlook that had been so rosy now chilled him with its bleakness. He knew a punishment awaited him when his father came home. He also knew that for him no curtain would rise and no footlights glare *that* night. He looked in his mirror and again dreaded the meeting with his father. Oh, that hair could be grown as fast as it could be removed!

Half an hour later, Pinkey heard unmistakable footfalls on the sidewalk, and in a few moments the word "Pinkerton!" coming from below smote his ear with boding emphasis. Slowly and deliberately, his hat pulled down tight on his head, he descended the stairs and confronted his father.

"Take off your hat and let me see your head," demanded the father. Pinkey silently uncovered his bristling head and waited.

"Who told you you might have that done?" asked the father, with difficulty concealing a smile.

"Nobody. I was to be a convict in the show t'-night, and I had Johnny Fox cut my hair like one. He did it for nothing."

"You 'll be a convict here to-night, if I 'm not mistaken—come with me." And Pinkey reluctantly followed his father to the woodshed.

Mr. Perkins was hardly in the proper frame of mind to discipline his son; but disobedience could not be winked at, even when to Pinkey the circumstances seemed to warrant it. With a slender switch, chosen more for moral effect than for real punishment, he began his unpleasant duty. Instantly he was aware that all was not right. In the dim light of the woodshed he had failed to detect an unusual bulkiness in certain portions of Pinkey's anatomy, which, had he noticed it, would have created suspicion in his mind.

"Pinkerton," he demanded, "what have you got in your trousers?"

"'Tribunes,' sir," faltered Pinkey, much chagrined at being found out, and fearful of the consequences. While upstairs, waiting for his father to come home, he had lined the more exposed parts of his clothing with accumulated daily papers, as a guard against the stings of the coming punishment.

Parental dignity was all that saved Mr. Perkins from compromising his rôle of stern father. With difficulty did he control himself long enough to order Pinkey to the house and to bed immediately. Then, as Pinkey made a hasty exit, his father, unable to retain his composure, gave way to the laughter that was consuming him.

Pinkey did not know that the supper which he ate in bed that night, instead of being smuggled to him by the hired girl, as he supposed, had been authorized by a lenient father and prepared by a generous mother.

At breakfast the next morning, Pinkey was unusually quiet. He felt much better when it was over and the subjects of show, hair, and "Tribunes" had not been touched upon, for this told him that those pages had been turned and that he was starting anew once more.

As he went to school, he grew very much elated over the envy he inspired, and jealous ones were allowed to run their hands over his head backwards, or "against the grain."

"Tell you what, you fellers don't know how nice 'n' cool it is, either," he said patronizingly

to the long-haired ones; "an' you don't have to be combin' it all the time."

In front of the Post-office he met Bunny, and while strolling schoolward he proceeded to question him about the show. Bunny was

were gettin' in on last night, just ezactly. They're sellin' tickets in here,"—indicating the corner drug-store,— "let 's look and see for certain."

The two boys went into the store, and there in the show-case they saw a pile of tickets, upon each of which was printed in "job-type," with a border:



They were exactly the same as the ones Pinkey had at home, being examples of the typographical limit beyond which the "Citizen" office dared not venture.

"Bet you we go to that show t'-night," said Pinkey, knowingly. "I've got all those tickets yet, an' as the show-people would n't get any money out o' us, anyway, there 's no harm in usin' 'em."

"You bet," agreed Bunny; "an' they said they 'd let us in last night, too."

At noon, when Pinkey asked if he might go to the show that night in case he and Bunny could get in free, he was actually disappointed when he was informed that his father had been presented with three tickets that morning, and would take him and Bunny if they wanted to go so badly, but that there would be no more "acting" indulged in by them.

When Pinkey saw that he had lost his opportunity to use his own tickets, he evolved another scheme, on a much grander scale, which scheme he proceeded to perfect during the afternoon.

When school was out, he laid his plans before Bunny, who, as usual, bent his ideas to suit Pinkey's. In accordance with the course they had mapped out, they made all possible haste to reach the Opera-house in time to get the employment they had sought the day before. The manager was surprised to see them



"PINKEY SILENTLY UNCOVERED HIS BRISTLING HEAD AND WAITED."

very reticent, but finally he admitted that he had attempted to obtain recognition at the Opera-house the night before and had failed. He said the man just asked him if he had a strawberry-mark on his left shoulder, and then laughed and told him to clear out.

"But say, Pinkey," he confided, "you remember those tickets we found in the ticket-office last fall, after that home-talent show? We were a-goin' to use 'em for tickets to our circus, you know. Well, they 're just the same as people

again after their previous experience, and admired their persistence when they told him why they had come a second time.

Much to their delight, they were successful in their endeavors, and each was soon armed with a large pile of handbills for distribution. As soon as they had left the Opera-house, Pinkey turned his bills over to Bunny, agreeing to meet him ten minutes later, down by the woolen-mill. Hurrying home by the back way, he stealthily entered the house, secured his tickets, and was out again and gone before his presence was discovered. At the appointed time he effected the meeting with Bunny, and forthwith the two boys began a house-to-house distribution, both of handbills advertising a performance of "The Silver King," and of complimentary tickets to the same. Boldly they distributed their tickets over that quarter of the town where lived a class of people to whom the theater was an unknown luxury. Women whose husbands were in the mine, and whose children were still at their looms in the factory, were made glad by receiving a ticket for every one in the family.

By supper-time Pinkey and Bunny had distributed over two hundred tickets, merely saying as they hurried from house to house: "Here's some bills we're distributing for the show to-night, and some complimentary tickets, so 's they 'll be sure and have a good house."

When they had exhausted their supply of tickets, they went to another part of town and finished distributing their bills.

"Tell you what," said Pinkey, as the pair was returning to the Opera-house for the unnecessary passes, "those people were glad to get the tickets, were n't they, Bunny? And when that man who made us act the monkey yesterday sees all these people, and then counts the money he gets from the drug-store, he 'll be about as mad as they are glad. There 's nothing wrong in it, either, 'cause none o' the people we gave tickets to could afford to buy tickets."

"You bet," echoed Bunny; "he won't lose nothin', 'cept in his mind; but he 'll think he 's made a lot he never gits. I guess we 'll fool him as bad t'-night as he did us yesterday."

On their way home they gave away their

passes to a couple of older boys whom they knew slightly, thereby winning allegiance which might sometime be useful.

As Pinkey, the image of propriety, sat between his father and Bunny that evening and watched the crowd pour into the Opera-house, he actually became alarmed at the enormity of his afternoon's doings. He wondered what could be done with him and Bunny. Could they be arrested? What if some one should be refused admittance and tell on them! By the time the play began, Pinkey and Bunny were both genuinely frightened. But when the people were all in and the curtain rose, they regained their composure and became intensely interested in the play.

During the intermission between the third and fourth acts, Pinkey noticed a commotion at the door. He saw the druggist come in, much excited, followed by the doorkeeper, with his hands full of tickets, and both rush hurriedly up to the stage-door and disappear. A few minutes later they returned and went outside again, accompanied by "the Silver King," ordinarily the manager, and the villain, who, before the play began, had sold tickets in the little office near the door. When the curtain had fallen a few minutes before, he was languishing in chains, but now he appeared surprisingly alert.

There was trouble somewhere, and Pinkey knew that he was responsible. Bunny was scared too, and looked appealingly at Pinkey, whom he trusted to get him safely out of it. Presently the Silver King and the villain returned, looking much perplexed, and, greatly to the peace of mind of the two boys, the play proceeded.

During the fourth act the doorkeeper and the druggist came in again, and the latter went to a couple of men in the audience and whispered something to them. One of the men whispered something in reply, and then all three looked toward Pinkey, and Pinkey unconsciously edged closer to his father. Then he saw the druggist nod in his direction while talking to the doorkeeper.

When the druggist pointed out the two boys as the parties responsible for the packed house, the doorkeeper instantly recognized them.

He went up on the stage and told the Silver King about what he had learned, and asked him what was to be done.

The manager said it was too late to do anything. The people were there, and the play was nearly over. They could not collect admission fees now, and the play must be finished on account of those who had paid.

What puzzled every one was where the boys got all their tickets. The druggist could account for all he had had; and besides, they now had on hand two hundred more than had been printed. After thinking it all over, the manager decided that there was nothing for him to do but make the best of the situation and take it philosophically.

When the play was over Pinkey and Bunny, each holding one of Mr. Perkins's hands in a nervous grasp, felt their hearts sink as they saw the manager, the doorkeeper, and the druggist all waiting for them at the door. As they reached the opening, the manager stopped them, saying:

"Well, you boys scored one on all of us this time, and I can't blame you very much. But where on earth did you get all those tickets?"

Pinkey and Bunny were reluctant about talking before Pinkey's father; but after the druggist had told him of their two-edged generosity that afternoon, they felt reassured. They told of getting the tickets the fall before, of the failure of their circus to materialize, and of

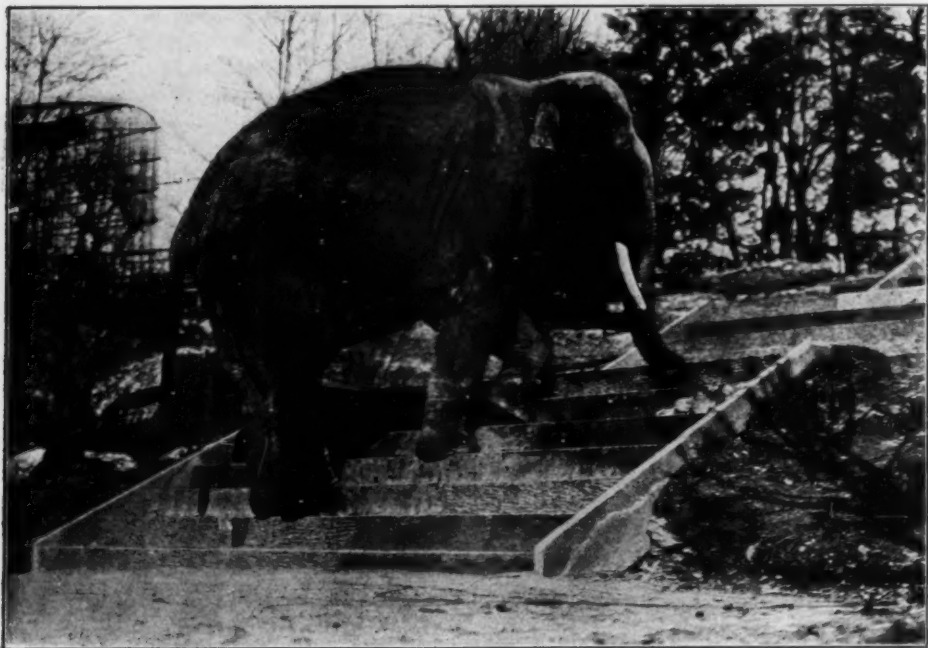
their using them that day to give a lot of poor people a chance to see the play, as well as to raise the manager's hopes, as he had theirs the day before, and then allow him to suffer corresponding disappointment. No one attached any



"AS THEY REACHED THE OPENING THE MANAGER STOPPED THEM."

real blame to the boys for their action, though the manager admitted it was a severe blow to him to have the receipts he had counted upon from the "whopping big house" cut in half.

As they left the hall Pinkey and Bunny were still doubtful that all danger was passed. Next morning, however, the train bearing the "Colson Comedy Company" departed, and they felt secure from further trouble.



GUNDA GOING TO BREAKFAST.

GUNDA.

BY HELEN D. VAN EATON.

THAT firmness and kindness combined will easily govern many wild animals that by nature are fierce and unruly, finds a notable illustration in Gunda, the young elephant which daily amuses hundreds of youngsters at the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens in New York City. Gunda was captured wild in an Indian jungle, just a little over a year ago, and purchased for the Zoölogical Gardens by Hagenbeck, the famous animal trainer whose Zoo is one of the wonders of Berlin. He was shipped in care of an Indian keeper, Hassan Bey by name, as it was supposed that the young elephant would be far less lonesome when attended from the beginning of his captivity by a native with whom he was familiar.

Gunda was brought over in a strong crate,

and finally lodged in the elephant quarters. From the moment he was taken from the crate Gunda was sullen, fierce, wickedly inclined, and considered dangerous. Hassan Bey took little interest in his charge, and finally became so indifferent—spending most of his time sighing for his far-away home—that Director Hornaday discharged him, with the gift of a steamship ticket, and sent him back to Ceylon.

Hassan Bey had remained only a month, and during that time Gunda's only mission in life seemed to be the destruction of everything within reach of his trunk. He wrecked his stall, threatened his keeper, and gave many evidences of being a genuinely bad elephant, like Central Park Tom and others who became murderers and met a murderer's fate. But at

the earnest request of young Frank Gleason, Gunda was placed in his charge the day Hassan Bey took his leave, and a marvelous transformation began at once. Gleason, who is only twenty-eight, has spent most of his life among wild animals, principally elephants, and has the natural love for his beasts that is the first requisite of a successful trainer. He had watched Gunda from the day of his arrival, and had been thoroughly convinced that the

purchased for the mission he is now fulfilling, that of carrying people on his back about the park. Gleason took charge of him at a time when the powers higher up had about decided he should go the way of all bad elephants. He told Director Hornaday he would have Gunda safe and ready for work inside of a week, but his confidence only excited good-natured railery and a statement that if he had Gunda tamed in two months it would be highly satisfactory.



GUNDA RETURNING FROM BREAKFAST.

whole trouble was due to the native Indian keeper, whom Gunda did not really like.

"Gunda's heart is in the right place, and I think I am the boy to reach it," young Gleason told Director Hornaday. His appeal was so earnest that Dr. Hornaday, somewhat against his own better judgment, finally decided to give Gleason a chance. Originally, Gunda was

The young keeper believed in himself and believed in Gunda. Director Hornaday was astonished when, two days after Gleason had taken charge, he appeared astride of the elephant in front of the Director's office and announced that Gunda was "good" and ready for business. The wicked young elephant had become not only good, but really obedient, for

he obeyed Gleason's commands with an accuracy and willingness that made the Bronx officials marvel. Within a week Gunda was ambling about the park loaded down with gleeful children, and getting just as much fun out of it all as the youngsters on his back.

Now he is as gentle and lovable as one could wish, and the especial pet of the children who flock to the park during the spring and summer months. It costs fifteen cents to ride on Gunda's back, and, generally speaking, there are not a great many youngsters of those

the sight of a little dog, while the sight of a donkey or horse would almost give him a fit. Now he is not even afraid of the largest and fiercest-looking automobile. He climbs over fences, calls on the other animals quartered in his neighborhood, plays with any dog that comes along, and allows the children to pull his ears and pat his sides to their hearts' content.

Gunda's best friends, with the exception of his keeper, are Mr. and Mrs. Schwarz, of the Rocking Stone Restaurant, where Schwarz is chef and his wife assistant. The chef knows



"TAKING" A FENCE.

who visit Bronx Park who can spare fifteen cents for an elephant-ride. But all are allowed to feed him peanuts and sweetmeats, and Gunda has grown fat and good-natured on the generous morsels he has received from his young friends.

When the young elephant came to the park, he behaved like a frightened child when first taken out of his stall into the highways and byways. He would stand and tremble all over at

what tidbits Gunda likes best, and always has a supply waiting when the elephant ascends the steps leading to the restaurant and thrusts his trunk through the kitchen door or kneels down at Gleason's bidding and "begs" for his breakfast. Gunda calls at the restaurant daily.

Gunda has the greatest faith and confidence in his young master, and no terrace is too high for him to climb at Gleason's bidding. He has made rapid progress in the English lan-



GUNDA BEGGING.

guage and understands many words. Besides being an unusually intelligent elephant, Gunda promises to become a monster of his kind. Elephants grow until they are past thirty, and Gunda is only eight. When he reached the Zoo he weighed 3740 pounds, and in March

he weighed 4400, a gain of nearly 700 pounds in a year. In the same time his height increased from six feet seven inches to six feet eleven and a half inches. His tusks are nineteen inches long, and are said to be the finest that any captive elephant of his age can boast.

THE BABY MOON.

BY ANNA H. BRANCH.

I SAW the little baby moon last night;
It nestled in the sky, as if to sleep,
Cuddled among soft clouds, to left and right;
And, close beside, one star a watch did keep.

"Good night, you little baby moon," said I;
"Good night, and go to sleep."

I saw it still and safe and tranquil there,
Cradled in that blue distance of the night.
It made me smile with joy, it was so fair—
So beautiful, so childlike and so white.
"You dear sky sleeper," looking up, said I,
"Good night, you little baby moon; good night."

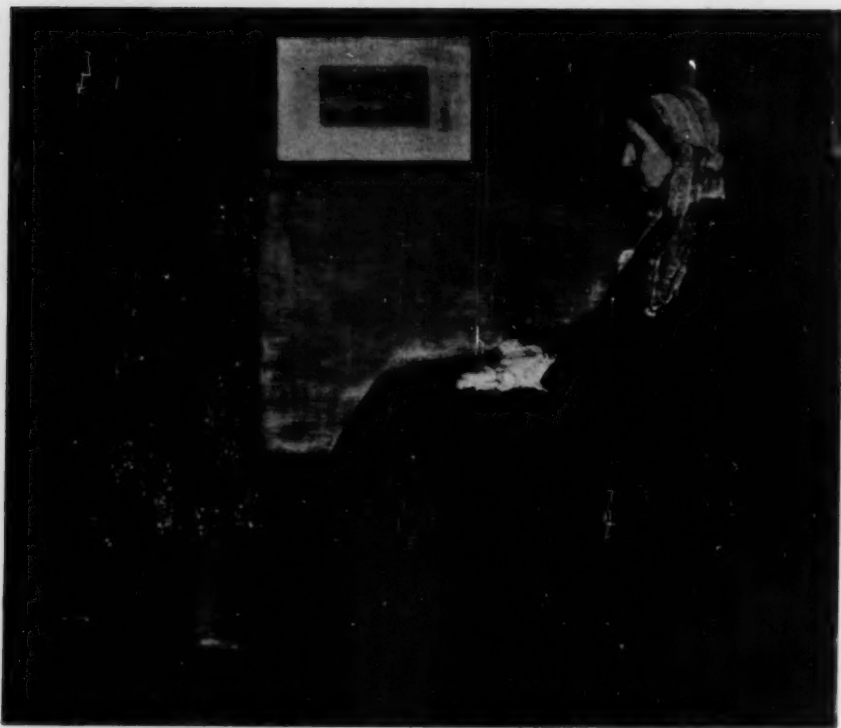
HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

TWELFTH PAPER.

COMPARING WHISTLER WITH SARGENT.



WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.

JAMES ABBOTT MCNEILL WHISTLER (BORN 1834,
DIED 1903); JOHN SINGER SARGENT
(BORN 1856).

THE two pictures here shown, like the artists who painted them, present a strange contrast.

The work of both these men has an original force that has influenced countless other painters. Both owe much to the influence of Velasquez; Sargent also to that of Franz Hals, while Whis-

tler gleaned from the French painter Manet and the Japanese. The originality of each consists in adapting what he has derived to the spirit of his own age and surroundings, and in giving his own work an independent life that has become, as I have said, an example to others.

Now that we are reaching the end of our survey of painting, we may look back and see that the progress has been for the most part a series of renewals, of men carrying forward and

farther what they had received from others. The most notable example of this in the whole story is that of Raphael, who has been called "the Prince of Borrowers," and yet his work is unique. It is not the search after or discovery of new ideas that makes an original man, so much as his ability to reclothe the

Florence, combining the charms of sky and hills with the wonders of art in the galleries and the advantages of intellectual and artistic society. Accordingly, when Sargent arrived in Paris he was not only a skilful draftsman and painter, the result of his study of the Italian masters, but also,—which has had perhaps an even



THE MISSES HUNTER. FROM A PORTRAIT BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

old with some newness of meaning out of his own ideas.

When Sargent entered the school of Carolus-Duran he was much above the average of pupils in attainment. He had been born in Florence in 1856, the son of cultivated parents; his father, a Massachusetts gentleman, having practised medicine in Philadelphia and retired. The home life was filled with refinement, and outside of it were the beautiful influences of

greater influence upon his career,—young as he was, he already had a refined and cultivated taste. This at once stood him in good stead, for his new master, Carolus-Duran, though a very skilful painter and excellent teacher, was otherwise a man of rather showy and shallow qualities. He, too, had studied in Italy, but later in Spain, and it was chiefly upon the lessons learned from Velasquez that he had founded his own brilliant method. This method Sar-

gent, being a youth of remarkable diligence with an unusual faculty for receiving impressions, soon absorbed. He painted a portrait of his master which proved he had already acquired all that the latter could give him. Then he went to Madrid and saw the work of Velasquez with his own eyes; and later, he visited Holland, where he was greatly impressed with the portraits by Franz Hals. Let us see how these various influences are reflected in his work.

In the picture on page 1095 we may trace the influence of Velasquez in the noble simplicity of the lines, in the strong impression which the whole composition makes, and the quiet elegance obtained by the treatment of the black and white costumes. Moreover, the whole picture has the high-bred feeling and stateliness of manner, the powerful directness and yet dignity, that Sargent found in the old Italian portraits. Yet the spirit of the picture is thoroughly modern; not only do the ladies belong to to-day, and vibrate with life, but there is life in the very brushwork: now a long sweep of a full brush, now a spot of accent, a touch-and-go method, brilliant, terse, quick, and to the point, qualities that are best summed up in the French word *esprit*. They are peculiarly French; and in his possession of them Sargent shows the influence of his training and life in Paris, and proves himself a modern of the moderns.

Yet in his case this *esprit* is rarely carried to excess; and when it may seem to be, as in some of his portraits of ladies, one may guess that he took refuge in this spectacular display of brushwork because he could find nothing else in the picture to interest him. Usually, he seems to have received an almost instantaneous impression of his subject, vivid and distinct, to the setting down of which are directed all his later efforts; and they are often long and patiently repeated. It is not a deep impression; as a rule, it takes little account of the inward man or woman, but it represents with amazing reality the outward person.

From Franz Hals, Sargent caught the skill of modeling the faces in a quiet, even light, of building them up by placing side by side firm, strong patches of color, each of which contains exactly the right amount of light, and of giving

to flat masses of color the suggestion of roundness and modeling. While French *esprit* is noticeable in his portraits of women, his portraits of men recall rather the manly force of the old Dutch painter.

In addition to portraits, Sargent has executed wall decorations for the Boston Public Library, the theme of which is the "Triumph of Religion," illustrating certain stages of Jewish and Christian history. And in the frieze below stand the "Prophets" of the Old Testament, large and simple forms, following one another in beautiful lines, simple and dignified. Upon the wall at the opposite end of the room appears a representation of the "Redemption of Man," treated in the spirit of Byzantine decoration, but without the Byzantine unnaturalness in the drawing of the figures (which was explained, you remember, in the first article of this series). This panel, the latest executed, is the best, being a remarkable example of combining the style of modern painting with that of the old Byzantine decoration.

These decorations exhibit a very beautiful side of Sargent's mind that has been only partially developed: a deeper insight into the meaning of the subject than his portraits suggest. The latter are distinguished rather by a boldness of method and an extraordinary appreciation of the value of the things which lie upon, or only a little below, the surface. In this respect he offers a great contrast to Whistler.

If you turn to the latter's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother," you will recognize at once that the word "boldness" cannot be applied to it; also, that the interest it arouses is a much deeper one than you feel in Sargent's picture. For Whistler, not a brilliant brushman, was interested most in what could not be presented to actual sight, but suggested only. Here it is the tenderness and dignity of motherhood and the reverence that one feels for it: not the first blossoming of motherhood, as in Raphael's Madonnas, but the ripened form of it; what the man himself is conscious of owing to it and feeling for it; what the mother herself may feel, as she looks back with traveling gaze along the path of hopes and fears, of joy and pain, that she has trodden. This miracle of Motherhood,

most holy and lovely of all the many miracles of life, continually repeated in millions of experiences, Whistler has represented once for all in such a way that this picture will remain forever a type of it.

At one period of his career Whistler almost completely discarded form and drawing, relying, as far as possible, entirely upon the effects of color to produce the impression; calling these canvases, in which different tones of one or more colors would be blended, "nocturnes," "symphonies," "harmonies": terms borrowed from the art of music. The public, being used to names and to being interested in practical things, asked, "What are they all about?" and, receiving no answer, scoffed.

But even to Whistler these canvases were only in the nature of experiments. The pictorial artist cannot get away from objects which we can see and touch; they must engage his attention. Let us see how Whistler managed this, interrupting for a moment our study of his paintings by a glance at his work in etching, for all through his career he was etcher as well as painter. Among his early etchings is a series of views of the Thames: the row of picturesque old houses that lined the water at Chelsea, where he lived for many years, the wharves, the shipping, boat-houses, and bridges. These etchings are marvelous. No artist could picture the scenes more convincingly. But now, having mastered the power of representing form, he set to work to make the objects in his etchings subordinate to the general impression he wished to convey; giving more and more attention to the qualities of light and atmosphere. Having learned to put in, he became learned in leaving out; and in his later series of Venetian etchings confined himself to a few lines contrasted with large spaces of white paper. But the lines are used with such wonderful knowledge and skill that they are sufficient to suggest the character of the objects, while the chief meaning is given to the empty spaces. These cease to be mere paper; they convey the impression of water or sky under the effects of atmosphere and light, and, moreover, they stimulate the imagination.

Remembering Whistler's preference for suggestion rather than actual picturing, one can

understand his fondness for etching, since the latter demands an effort of imagination, first of all upon the artist's part to turn the varied hues of nature into black and white, and then upon the spectator's to turn these back into hues of nature. And while this is so in the case of *color*, it is much more so when it comes to the point of creating an impression of *atmosphere* simply by means of a few lines on a sheet of white paper.

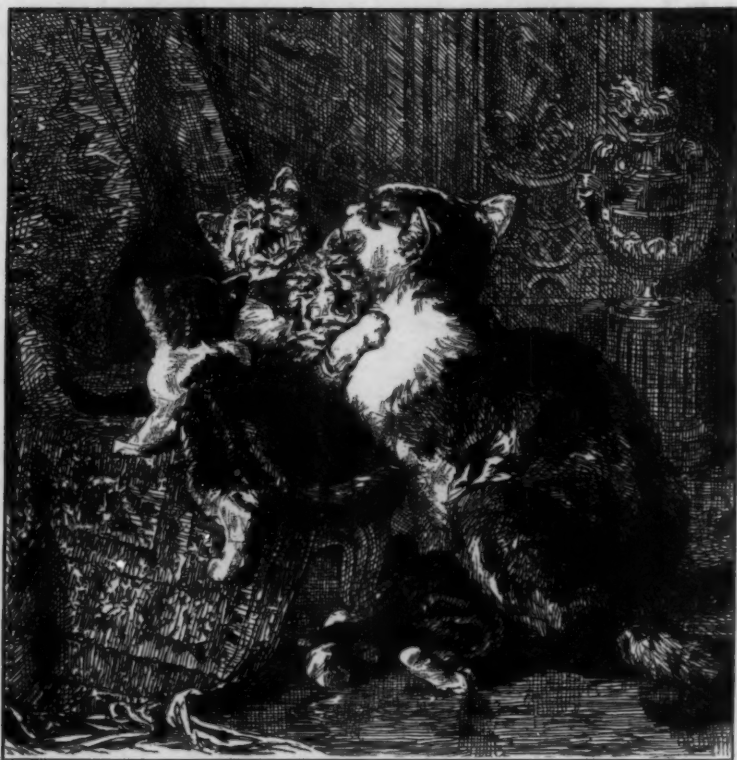
In the "Portrait of the Artist's Mother" black and white again are important, combined as they are with the gray of the wall and the very dark green of the curtain; the grave harmony being solely relieved by the soft warmth of the face. This "quietness" of color-scheme and this accent of tenderness contribute very largely to the emotion aroused in our imagination. Observe how the upright line of the curtain and the diagonal curving line of the lady's figure are painted so that they shall make us feel in one case the folds of the curtain and in the other the figure beneath the dress. But these masses are softened by the hands and the head. The former are laid one above the other with a gesture of exquisite composure, their color rendered more delicate and tender by being shown against the white handkerchief. The gray wall behind the head assists in creating a feeling of atmosphere, enveloping the head in tenderness, while the little accents of dainty suggestiveness that appear in the white cap soften the fixed expression of the face. In this is concentrated the calm and tender dignity to which every other part of the canvas has contributed. I speak of "calm and tender dignity," but who shall put into exact words the qualities of mind and feeling which lie behind that searching gaze? That face speaks to each and every mother's son with a different appeal; it speaks in a universal language that each can understand but no man can fully comprehend. Yet, once again, let us note that the expression of the face is the center and climax of the whole canvas; the result of the exquisite balance of the full and empty spaces and of the tender dignity of the color-scheme of black and gray.

Whistler's fondness for gray, which even caused him to keep his studio dimly lighted, just as the Dutch artist Israels does, may be

traced to his study of Velasquez, as also his subtle use of black and white, and the preference he shows for sweeping lines and imposing masses. Often in the apparently haphazard arrangement of the masses and spaces there is a suggestion of Japanese influence, as well as in the introduction of a hint of something outside the picture. Note, for example, the apparently accidental spotting of the picture on the wall, and the portion of another frame, peeping in, as it were, from outside. From both Velasquez and the Japanese he learned the value of leaving out rather than of putting

in; the charm of delicate harmonies and the fascination of surprise.

Whistler and Sargent belong to America, but are claimed by foreigners as, at least, citizens of the world. Sargent, with the exception of a few months at distant intervals, has spent his life abroad; Whistler, since about his twentieth year, was a resident of Paris and London, occasionally visiting Holland. The artistic influences which affected both were those of Europe. Yet their Americanism may be detected in many admirable qualities that are characteristic of the best American art.



"DEAR ME, BUT A MOTHER IS BURDENED WITH CARES!"

IF I WERE QUEEN.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



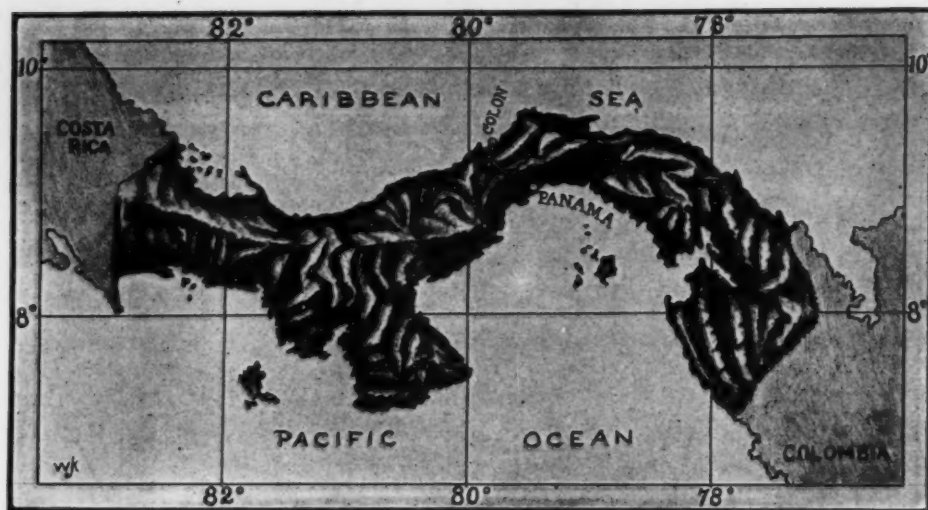
IF I were Queen of Anywhere
I 'd have a golden crown,
And sit upon a velvet chair
And wear a satin gown.

A knight of noble pedigree
Should wait beside my seat

To serve me upon bended knee
With things I liked to eat.

I 'd have a birthday cake each day
With candles all alight,—
I 'd send the doctors all away,
And sit up late at night.





MAP OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA, CONNECTING CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE BIG PANAMA CANAL.

BY WALTER KENYON.

By our recent treaty with the new Republic of Panama she gives us control of a strip of land ten miles wide and extending from sea to sea—or about thirty miles. Through the middle of it lies the partly dug canal. This piece of land is often spoken of as the "canal strip" or the "canal zone." Our government paid Panama ten million dollars for the strip and the rights that go with it. It will in most respects be just the same as a part of the United States. Our soldiers will police the canal zone, and any special rules and regulations needed will come from Washington. The cities of Colon and Panama do not go with the strip, although they lie within it. They remain a part of the Republic of Panama; but it is understood that we shall have much to say about keeping those cities clean and healthful.

As to the canal itself, our government of the United States has agreed to complete it and keep it open for the use and benefit of all countries forever. The canal is to be, in the truest sense of the word, a highway for all nations.

One would naturally expect, in traversing

the canal from the Atlantic (or Caribbean) side, to be journeying westward; but instead, he is traveling in a southeast direction, and when he arrives at Panama he is some miles *east* of Colon, his starting-point. This is perplexing until we glance at the map. The trend of the isthmus itself is not north and south, as many imagine, but east and west. And the northernmost part of the isthmus is not at the end but at the middle. To the Panaman the great Pacific is a southern, not a western, ocean. And this is why Balboa christened it the South Sea as he waded into its thundering surf four centuries ago.

HOW THE CANAL CAME TO BE.

It might be said that the Turks of the fifteenth century are responsible for the Panama Canal. By capturing Constantinople in 1453 they made good their ownership of Asia Minor and Palestine, already under their control; and before that time the great trade routes between Europe and India had traversed those regions. But now the Turk having laid his rule across

the old caravan lines, Europe began to think about other ways of getting to India.

So it was that Columbus came to the front with his project of going west instead of east. And his great voyage in the caravels was to test such a route. Every school-boy knows that, instead of finding India, he ran upon strange lands which were later called America. Indeed, it was Columbus himself, in his fourth voyage (1502), who discovered the great isthmus which is now to be cut through. But he did not know it was an isthmus, with another ocean beyond it. He died supposing that all these new lands he had found were portions of Asia.

Ever since that day the white man has been quite busy enough in settling the vast lands of America and building new nations there. But at last we are turning back to the original problem of Columbus—how to get to Asia from our Atlantic ports by sailing west.

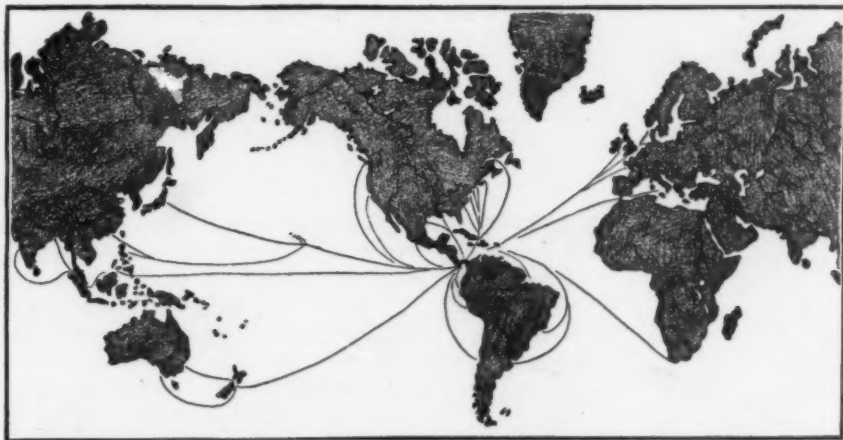
One project has been to find a "northwest passage," among the Arctic islands and down through Bering Strait. Many a daring ship's crew has suffered and died among the icebergs

southwest passage, and finally found the strait which bears his name. But Magellan's Strait is hardly better than around Cape Horn. Besides being a place of fearful storms, it makes the circuit of the great South American continent necessary, after all.

And so, in our own day, the whole world's attention is focused upon the grand project of "bucking the center," as a football man would say: of cutting the continents apart at Panama. And thus will the dream of Columbus come true. A straightaway course will be had from the Atlantic ports to the far lands of spices and silks.

WHAT THE CANAL WILL DO.

FIRST of all the Panama Canal will fulfil the dream of Columbus, by opening a direct route from Europe and Africa to the Orient. But since the day of the great explorer many new lands have been populated. Besides the great ports of China and the Indies, there are all those of western America, from Chile to Alaska; and those of Australasia and the Pacific isles. Then,



MAP SHOWING HOW THE PANAMA CANAL WILL SHORTEN THE GREAT OCEAN ROUTES OF THE WORLD.

of the Arctic Ocean in this search. But the way was long and the seas were filled with ice, and this northwest passage is no longer thought of.

Then there was Magellan, following close upon the heels of Columbus. He tried for a

in addition to our own busy Atlantic seaboard and that of South America, there is the Mississippi Valley. Down through its center rolls the "Father of Waters"—a splendid river-course out of the greatest food country, the greatest iron country, the greatest cotton country, which the

world has from which to draw its supplies. And one thing more: we are the busiest manufacturing country in the world. East and west, north and south, the nations of the earth are buying, not alone our grain, our cotton, and our beef, but also the things we *make*—the tools and machinery, the clothing, and the thousand and one articles to be found in every house. And when the isthmus is cut we shall have a gateway through which to carry this enormous mass of trade products to the peoples of the Pacific.

When the canal is opened it will carry the lion's share of the traffic of all these vast populations. The Panama and the Suez canals will be rivals for the world's ocean commerce; Magellan's Strait and Cape Horn will know the currents of trade no more. They may be forgotten, and the white sails of ships and the black smoke of steamers may almost disappear from those stormy latitudes. The expression "rounding the Horn" may become a saying of other days. The wild Fuegians may scan their blank horizon and tell their children of the great fire-ships that used to pass, and wonder why they come no more.

The Panama passage will shorten the sea

journey from New York to San Francisco by over eight thousand miles. A freight-steamer on this route will save three thousand dollars' worth of coal each trip; and she will be able to make five trips a year instead of two. Peru will be four thousand miles from New York instead of ten; and six thousand miles from Europe instead of twelve.

No story can better illustrate the great need of the Panama Canal than that of the splendid race against time made by our huge battleship the *Oregon*, during the Spanish War. She lay in far-away Puget Sound, and was wanted at once in Cuban waters. In the great need of the moment, how tantalizing became that narrow neck of land, the Isthmus of Panama! Only thirty miles across, yet that thirty miles compelled Captain Clark to take his battleship clear around the South American continent. Fourteen thousand miles instead of four thousand! Fifty-nine days of furious steaming under forced draft instead of less than twenty-one days! That was a wonderful race, "around the Horn," and it was equally wonderful that the big fighting-ship sighted the blue mountains of Cuba just in the nick of time to do her full share—and more—in the great sea-fight.

A NATURE-LESSON.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

SAID grandpapa to Tommy White:
"That is a maple-tree;
And standing next it, toward the
right,
A slippery elm you see."

"A slippery elm!" cried Tommy;
"oh,
Slippers are nice to wear!
And when quite ripe and red they
grow
I 'll come and pick a pair."





AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE ON ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER. LITTLE WILLIE HIPPO FELT BADLY BECAUSE THE OTHER FELLOWS WOULD N'T LET HIM BOB FOR APPLES.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

By Dr. E. E. WALKER.

VI. WOUNDS AND HEMORRHAGES.

ONE day the boys and Mr. Wilson were prowling around the island on a "voyage of discovery," as John called it. They had a secret hope that they would find a stray arrow-head, or even an Indian hatchet-head—for at one time this very region was famous for its Indian relics. Their search being in vain, they gathered many small strips of wood, which they brought back to the shade of the giant trees surrounding the camp. Mr. Wilson, as soon as lunch was over, showed them how to use their jack-knives in making these strips into pretty paper-cutters, for the wood was soft, and the knives might easily slip if they used them carelessly. But Jerry, who was always in a hurry to see the end of things, hurried a little too much, and in splitting a piece

of the driftwood his camp ax slipped and cut an ugly gash in the fleshy part of his hand.

"Jee-whill-i-kins, guardie! I've done it now—I've cut my hand."

Jerry was not fond of the sight of blood, and he began to grow very white and faint. Mr. Wilson laid him flat on his back, putting a very small pillow under his head. He then raised the injured hand, and had John hold a handkerchief tightly over the cut while he brought out the bandage-box and gently but firmly bound up the hand. Jerry soon recovered his spirits; for although the hand at first bled freely, it was not a very bad cut, and the boys were soon chatting gaily again.

"Guardie," said Jerry, "I think we're doing

our part to make our 'First Aid to the Injured' a grand success."

Mr. Wilson laughed and said: "I see that you're suggesting that I now do my part. Well, let it be 'Wounds and Hemorrhages' this time.

But just a word about fainting." At this Jerry blushed. "You need n't mind that, Jerry," said guardie, kindly. "Fainting is beyond our control, and there is no reason for being ashamed of it. Whenever a person faints, lay him down. *Never* set him up straight in a chair, as they did when your sister fainted last summer; for that is the very

worst thing that can be done. Open his collar and loosen any tight bands; give him plenty of air — do not let a crowd gather round and cut off all the fresh air there is. Then give him a drink of water. Fainting is due to a lack of blood in the brain, and, by laying the person down, of course you offer a chance for the blood to flow back again to the brain. If a person has had a shock, his face will look pale and pinched; he will breathe feebly; his eyes will be partly closed; he will feel cold, and maybe shiver; and sometimes he is even delirious. Occasionally you see such signs after just a little injury. In such a case do about the same thing that you would do when any one faints; only, of course, for the cold you would want to warm him up by giving him a little whisky in hot water — about a tablespoonful every few minutes for three or four times; then — just as we did for your sister last summer when she was poisoned and felt so cold — we would put the person to bed in blankets and put hot-water bottles or hot bricks near him to get him warm. But be careful that all the hot things are well covered up, and that the bottles don't leak; otherwise you may burn or scald



A TOURNIQUET.

your patient. Now, do any of you know really what happens when you cut yourself?"

"I know one thing," said John: "if you cut an artery, the blood is red and spurts; and if you cut a vein, the blood is bluer and flows."

"That's right; but in real accidents you generally have both, and so there is a mixture of the blue and red. If the bleeding is very bad, tie a large handkerchief around the injured arm or leg, with a knot over the artery about an inch above the cut. Slip a stick through the place where the handkerchief is tied, and twist it until the knot is pressed deeply against the artery. It would be well to tie a string around the arm over the other end of the stick to prevent its unwinding. In this way you compress and close the walls of the artery between the cut end and the heart, and thus you stop the bleeding. Cold or heat in any form also helps to stop bleeding, for they both help to clot the blood; and of course when the blood clots it acts like a stopper in a bottle, and so the blood ceases to flow out."

"Guardie, what do you do when your nose bleeds?" said John.

"You hold the head up, so as to keep as much blood as possible away from it. Then you put ice or cold water on the back of the neck and over the bridge of the nose. It is a good thing, too, to take in long breaths, one right after another, and you may try snuffing up a very little cold water."

"Mother always puts the big door-key on my neck," said John.

"That has the same effect as the ice," said Mr. Wilson. "But there's another kind of hurt that often befalls you boys, and I dare say you don't know that it is a hemorrhage."

Mr. Wilson explained that whenever they had a bruise which turned black and blue, the tiny vessels underneath the skin had been injured and the blood had leaked out.

"Well, I know what to do for that," said John. "Whenever I get a bruise, I clap on a cloth wet with hot water or witch-hazel."

"And if you have no witch-hazel, you might use alcohol and water, half and half. Come on now, boys! It's time to get supper."



Totsi and the Cherry-bough

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

WITHIN the far-off Sunrise Land,
The country where the day begins,—
About whose shores the morning mist
A shining web of wonder spins,
Long, long ago, a little lad
Once lived by Kinni-goyoto,
A little lad of gentle guise,
With yellow skin and almond eyes,
The son of good Yoshigo San;
Nor will you find in all Japan
A bonnier boy, or braver, than
The little Totsi-Toyoto:

In Yokohama, Tokio,
Nagasaki, Hakodate,
Kobe, Kioto.

He seldom laughed, he never cried,
In his mama's kimono curled,
But smiled his bland, mysterious smile,
As babies will, upon the world.
And, as he grew, sedate and sweet
With more than boyish gravity,
He ne'er was known to romp or shout
Or throw his paper toys about;
He never frowned, this little Jap,
But smiled and smiled and took his hap,
The philosophic little chap,
With Oriental suavity.

His parents, poor but honest folk,
Beheld with pride their little boy;
And for his sake they ate their rice,
Content, with but a dash of soy.

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They let him wear a lovely gown,
As you might well be glad to do;
They gave him baths, all boiling hot
(He much preferred them so than not),
And cooked him seaweed, snails, and fish,
With many another dainty dish
Which you, perhaps, against your wish,
Might taste, and find it sad to do!

They taught him how to make his bow,
To use his fan in ways polite;
And, best of all, they gave to him
A little mirror, round and bright.

For you must know,
on Nippon's isle,
In days of great
antiquity,

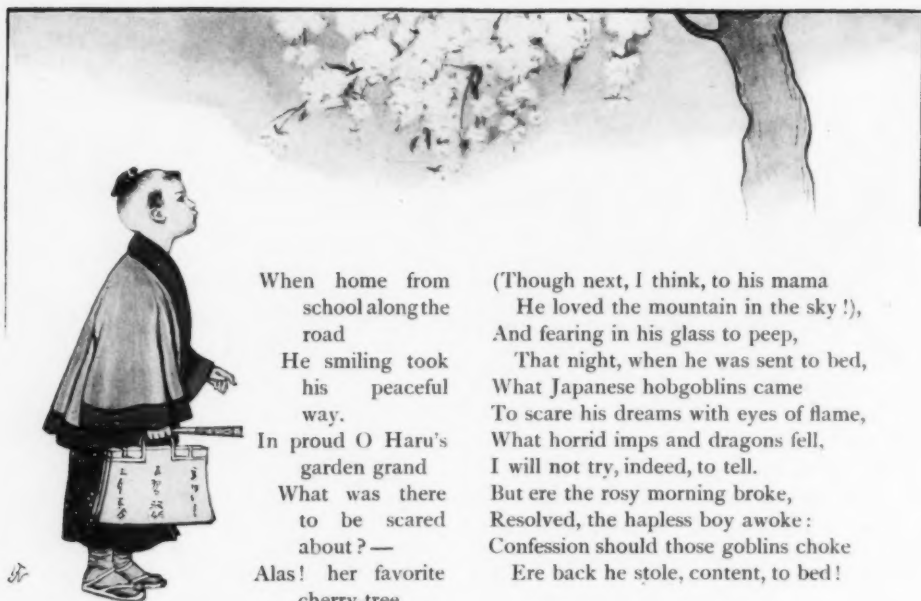
Each little Shinto
boy was taught
The glass would
show his every
thought.

And ere he slept (if
sleep he could,
Upon a pillow made
of wood!)

Each night he looked in trembling doubt,
And smiled, his foolish fears to flout,
If clear the mirror shone, without
A shadow of iniquity.

So Totsi lived,— a model child,—
Until one fatal April day,





"AND THERE TEMPTATION DID
BEFALL!"

When home from
school along the
road
He smiling took
his peaceful
way.
In proud O Haru's
garden grand
What was there
to be scared
about? —
Alas! her favorite
cherry-tree

Beside the wall he
chanced to see;

And there temptation did befall!
He paused — he gazed — he climbed the
wall,—

To steal the cherries? Not at all,
'T was not the fruit he cared about!

But oh, the blossoms pink and white,
A cloud, a wealth of bloom untold!
What little Jap without a thrill

That dazzling vision could behold —
In Yokohama, Tokio,
Nagasaki, Hakodate,
Kobe, Kioto.

Not he; for in those ancient days
The gentle Japanese, you know,
Had plants for pets,— a peach, a plum,
A lily or chrysanthemum.
And Totsi — not a pet had he!
He looked — he longed — he climbed the
tree,

One bloomy bough he broke — ah me,
'T was such a little piece, you know!

Yet as he fled, he dared not look
At Fusi-yama, stern and high

(Though next, I think, to his mama
He loved the mountain in the sky!),
And fearing in his glass to peep,
That night, when he was sent to bed,
What Japanese hobgoblins came
To scare his dreams with eyes of flame,
What horrid imps and dragons fell,
I will not try, indeed, to tell.
But ere the rosy morning broke,
Resolved, the hapless boy awoke:
Confession should those goblins choke
Ere back he stole, content, to bed!

Now, in her pretty paper house,
Not far away, O Haru San
Beside her paper window sat,
Just like a lady on a fan.
Red rose the moon behind a screen
Of purple-bright wistaria;
Within, a scroll upon the wall,
A vase or two, and that was all,
Except the honorable mat
Whereon the lovely lady sat.
A sweet kimono, primrose-hued,
She wore, with storks and lilies strewed,
And thus all night the moon she viewed,
Regardless of malaria.

To her, absorbed in tea and thought,
Did Totsi come to pay his call.
(He left his shoes, and not his hat
Within the honorable hall.)
He bowed and bowed and bowed and bowed,
He smiled and smiled and smiled again;
His heart — he did not stop for that —
Went Japanese for pit-a-pat.
He told his tale with touching grace;
Alas, how cold her lovely face!
Could she, but for a moment's space,
Have felt herself a child again!



"YET AS HE FLED, HE DARED NOT LOOK AT
FUSIYAMA, STERN AND HIGH."

"Who steals," she said, "he must restore.
You are forgiven,"—how stern her
brow!—

"*When fresh as first its blossoms burst,
You bring me back my cherry-bough!*"
Low Totsi knelt (he smiled, of course,)
And sought the outer room again;
Where, tumbling blindly through the
wall
(*"T was only paper, after all!"*),

As in a dream he homeward sped,
The dawn above him deepening
red:
All wilted was the bough, and
dead,—
How *could* he make it bloom again!"

He thought all day, he dreamed all night;
The smile grew wan about his lips.
He listless watched his good papa,
Who worked with busy finger-tips.
For lovely lacquer bowls he made,
And jars of priceless pottery,
And painted — Totsi's eyes grew wide —
He, too, the gentle craft had tried.
To-day — at once — he would begin!
(And, oh, what fun it must have been
That pretty clay to dabble in,
All soft and terra-cotta-ry!)

The storks went flying day by day
About the groves of tall bamboo.
(I wonder if they really looked
As on the teapots now they do!)
Afar the great Mikado reigned
In solitude imperial,
O'er Yokohama, Tokio,
Nagasaki, Hakodate,
Kobe, Kioto.

The careless world swung high, swung low.
And still by Kinni-goyoto
A little lad, all pale with thought,
With cunning skill and patience wrought,
By Nature's self divinely taught,
A work of art ethereal.

Then dawned at last a joyous day,
When proud O Haru dressed her hair,
And gave a garden-party, gay
With sports polite and debonaire.
The prettiest girls in all Japan
They flocked from near and far to her.
And shone, beneath the smiling skies,
Like many-tinted butterflies.
Then, treading softly, as before,
Came Totsi to the garden door.
His treasure bore he on his knee:
"Will Her Augustness deign to see
The worthless gift I bring?" said he,
And, trembling, gave the jar to her.



"BESIDE HER PAPER WINDOW SAT, JUST LIKE A LADY ON A FAN."

Oh, miracle of loving skill!

Oh, marvel of the potter's art!



O Haru dropped her
samiesen

And gazed with won-
dering lips apart.

For, fresh as first its
blossoms burst,

She saw her stolen
cherry-bough;

Each airy twig, each
petal pure,

Portrayed with touch
so fine and sure

That none may paint its
like, mayhap,—

Except another little
Jap!

"Now yours," she cried, "and fairly earned,
The grace that once to give I spurned!

For what you took you have returned—

It is the same, the very bough!"



With laughter low and soft amaze

They flew the gift to celebrate;

They drank the honorable wine,

The honorable cake they ate;



"WILL HER AUGUSTNESS DEIGN TO SEE THE WORTHLESS
GIFT I BRING?" SAID HE.

And Totsi — never was a child
So glad as he, that happy night!
For once again he smiling saw
His face within the mirror bright.
And by his side, O Haru's gift,
There stood — oh, vision beautiful! —
Instead of cake or sugar-plum,
A darling white chrysanthemum!
So ends the tale.

And what they could not finish (though
It may not seem polite to you!)
In sleeve and sash they tucked away
To carry home and eat next day!
So, swift the festive hours they sped,
And when the moon was rising red,
Their "Sayonaras" sweet they said
(The Japanese "Good night to
you!")

Ah, long ago
He lived by Kinni-goyoto;
Yet in the land of far Japan
Still may you read, on vase or fan,
The tale of proud O Haru San
And Totsi, dear and dutiful:
In Yokohama, Tokio,
Nagasaki, Hakodate,
Kobe, Kioto.





BUTTONS AND BUTTON-HOLES. By RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER.



In the first street to the east of the Capitol in Washington, there stands a row of three tall houses. They have been remodeled many times, but the bricks

of their walls remain as they were set nearly a hundred years ago. After the British marched in, along Maryland Avenue, to burn the Capitol those walls sheltered Congress. Nearly half a century later, in war-time again, the place was a prison where political and military prisoners were confined. It was only after the war that the old walls came at last to be the boundaries of homes, and to-day there is nothing about the tall houses to suggest that they were once the famous Capitol Prison.

It was in the war-time of President Lincoln that Louisa Carr first saw Washington and the prison.

Louisa's father was in the army, and one day his name was in the list of wounded. A little later, she and her mother heard that he had been taken to a hospital in Washington, and they went there to be near him. For several months they were together again, and then Captain Carr went away to the front once more, and Mrs. Carr and Louisa stayed in Washington.

They lived at the house of a Mrs. Thompson, not far from the Capitol, and Louisa passed the prison every day on her way to school. Mrs. Thompson's son, who was a soldier, was a guard at the prison, and Louisa often saw him on duty at the gate. He never failed to present arms as she passed. In return, she brought her hand up in the salute every soldier's daughter

knew in those days. Sometimes she would send food or a few flowers to the prisoners who Corporal

Thompson said were homesick, and once or twice she went with her mother to visit them.

Mrs. Thompson was a widow, and in addition to giving board and lodging to Louisa and her mother, she took in sewing. She was a tailor as well as a dressmaker, and when she was unusually busy, Louisa liked to help her. Sometimes, when a gown or cloak was to be fitted, the little girl tacked hooks and eyes on, for Mrs. Thompson fitted with great care, and hooks and eyes must be sewed on exactly where the buttons and button-holes were afterward to be. One day, when Mrs. Thompson was rushed with work, Louisa sewed hooks and eyes on a lady's silk cloak. She put the hooks on the left side of the front, and the eyes on the right.

"Oh, Louisa!" said Mrs. Thompson, when the little girl showed what she had done, "they will all have to be taken off, and sewed on over again. A lady's cloak always fastens with the right side over the left. You have the hooks on the wrong side."

Louisa changed the hooks and eyes, but she heard the lady who had come to be fitted complain of the delay, and Mrs. Thompson looked worried and distressed.

"I'll know better next time," Louisa said. "I'll remember that coats always button toward the left side."

"Only coats for women and girls," said Mrs.

Thompson. "Men's coats button in exactly the opposite way."

Louisa took care to notice the coats she saw in the street. She found that, as Mrs. Thompson had said, every man's coat had the button-holes in the left side of the front, and every woman's, in the right side. The cloaks of even little children followed the same rule. She noticed that most boys buttoned their jackets with their right hands, and most girls buttoned theirs with their left hands. When she saw the President and his wife driving, one day, she was so intent on their buttons and button-holes, that she quite forgot to look at their faces. Mr. Lincoln buttoned his coat with his right hand.

She looked at all the pictures her mother had, and saw that the custom must be a very old one. In the miniature of her great-grandfather, painted in ruffles and powdered hair, the queer long coat had a row of button-holes down the left side, and in the picture of her great-grandmother, in hunting-dress, the button-holes were on the right side. She wondered why this was, but, although she inquired of many, she found no one who knew the reason for it.

"I suppose there must have been some reason for it in the first place," her mother said. "The two buttons on the back of a man's coat, you know, were originally used to button the skirts of his coat back out of the way of his sword. Perhaps men and women walking together were thought to look better if their cloaks buttoned in opposite ways."

Louisa did not consider this a good explanation, for she thought that since men had to use their right hands to draw their swords there was as much reason for their coats buttoning to the left, as for women's cloaks fastening in that way. Another explanation seemed to her much more satisfactory.

"Is n't it easier for you to button my cloak, when you stand in front of me, if the button-holes are in the right-hand side?" she asked.

"It seems so to me," said Mrs. Carr.

"Well, then," said Louisa, "I think the reason for it must be that all ladies are expected to have somebody to wait on them, and button their cloaks for them."

Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Carr smiled at her

earnestness, and agreed that her explanation might be the right one.

"And, my dear, just button your own cloak now," said Mrs. Carr, "and take this message for me to my old friend Mrs. Mitchell. Tell her I find I can't possibly come to-day, but that I will certainly call on her to-morrow."

It was about the middle of the afternoon when Louisa set out, and her way took her past the prison. Corporal Thompson was on guard at the gate, and she stopped to speak to him. A carriage was just driving away, and she wanted to know whether it had brought another prisoner or taken one away.

"It brought a visitor," the corporal said.



"SHE BROUGHT HER HAND UP IN SALUTE."

"The wife of an officer who was captured last week. He was acting as a spy."

"Will he be shot?" asked Louisa, for she knew the usual fate of spies.

"I don't think so. He was within our lines, but he was partially in uniform when he was captured. The President is too kind-hearted to have any one shot if he can find an excuse for saving him."

"But won't the spy tell his wife things that could do harm?" asked Louisa.

"The guard at the door of his cell can hear every word they say," the corporal explained.

Louisa went on about her errand, and enjoyed her visit with Mrs. Mitchell so much that it was

the bars of the gate she could see the visitor crossing the yard. She was a tall woman, in a long, loose open cloak. She passed the guards very leisurely, and almost stopped once to fasten the veil over her bonnet. She nodded to Corporal Thompson as she passed through the gate, and beckoned to the coachman who was waiting with her carriage across the street. He turned the horses and drove up to the curb. The visitor spoke to him, and then as a gust of wind blew her cloak open, she did something which made Louisa jump with astonishment. She lifted her right hand and fumbled with it in buttoning her cloak. This instantly attracted Louisa's attention, and she started toward the corporal with a sudden gesture of surprise. The next moment the wide hoop-skirt tilted a little as the carriage-door closed and Louisa caught a clear glimpse of a man's boot.

She sprang forward and seized the corporal by the arm.

"Stop it!" she gasped, pointing to the carriage rolling away down the street. "You must stop it! It was n't a woman!" Louisa screamed. "It was a man. He tried to button his cloak with his right hand; and — and — I saw his boots!"

Corporal Thompson dashed after the carriage, firing his gun to give the alarm. The street was in an uproar in an instant. Guards seemed to spring up everywhere. Louisa saw the carriage stopped, and a person, who, stripped of the disguise of bonnet

and veil, was unmistakably a man, taken from it, and back into the prison.

Then she ran home. The secrets the spy knew could do no harm now to the cause for which her father was fighting. Buttons and button-holes had saved the day.



"SHE STARTED TOWARD THE CORPORAL WITH A SUDDEN GESTURE OF SURPRISE."

dusk when she started home. Corporal Thompson was still on guard when she passed the prison.

"Will you please wait a moment?" he asked. "As soon as I pass this visitor out, I want to send a message to my mother."

Louisa stepped back and waited. Through

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

TWELFTH PAPER.

ELECTRICAL APPARATUS.

CELLS AND BATTERIES.

IN order to generate electricity it will be necessary to have batteries or dynamos; but as the construction and operation of a dynamo is somewhat beyond the possibility of the average boy, the battery will necessarily have to be depended upon for the electric current. There are various kinds of batteries that might be used. For electric bells, small magnets, and motors the zinc-carbon sal-ammoniac battery will answer very well; but for larger apparatus where more power is required the bluestone and the bichromate batteries will be necessary. A simple and inexpensive cell can be made from electric-light carbons with the copper coating removed and pencils of zinc, such as are used for electric-bell batteries, and which can be purchased for five cents each. Copper wires are to be bound around the top of each and twisted with pliers, so that they will not become detached. It will be well to cut a groove with a file around the top of both the carbon and zinc into which the wire will fit; then the elements should be clamped in between two pieces of wood and held with screws, as shown in Fig. 1. Another arrangement is shown in Fig. 2, where a zinc rod is suspended between two carbons, the carbons being connected by a wire that must not touch the zinc. A fruit-jar or a wide-necked pickle-bottle can be employed for a cell; but before the solution is poured in, the upper edge of the glass should be coated with paraffin. The solution is made by dissolving four ounces of sal-ammoniac in a pint of water, and the jar should be filled three fourths full. In this solution the carbons and zinc may be suspended, as shown in Fig. 5 on the next page. Plates of zinc and carbon may be clamped either side of a square stick and suspended in the sal-

ammoniac solution, as shown in Fig. 3, taking care, however, that the screws used for clamping do not touch each other.

If one cell is not sufficiently powerful, several of them can be made and coupled up in series

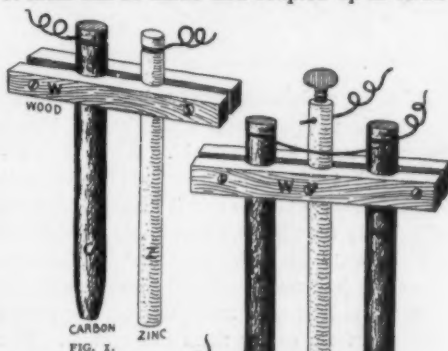


FIG. 2.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF ELECTRODES.

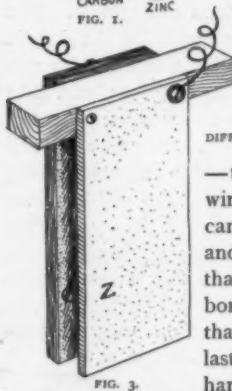


FIG. 3.

—that is, by carrying the wire from the zinc to the carbon of the next cell, and so on to the end, so that the wire from the carbon in the first cell and that from the zinc of the last cell will be the ones in hand, as shown in Fig. 4.

This battery is an excellent one for bells and small experimental work, and when inactive the zincs are not being eaten away, for corrosion takes place only as the electricity is required.

A series of batteries of this description will last about twelve months, if used only for a bell, and at the end of that time will require only a new zinc and solution, or maybe only water.

A cell using plates shown in Fig. 3 can contain a bichromate solution, and for experimental work, where electricity is required for a short time only, this will produce a stronger current; but, as the solution eats the zinc rapidly, the plates must be raised out of the liquid as soon as you have finished with them.

The solution is made by slowly pouring four ounces of commercially pure sulphuric acid in a quart of cold water. This should be done in an

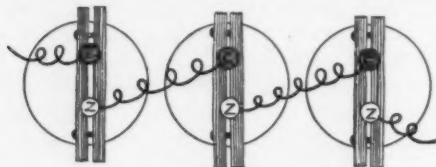


FIG. 4. CELLS CONNECTED "IN SERIES."

earthen jar, as the heat generated by adding acid to water is enough to crack a glass bottle. Never pour the water into the acid. When the solution is about cold, add four ounces of bichromate of potash, and shake or mix it occasionally until dissolved; then place it in a bottle and label it "Bichromate Fluid for Battery." Before the zincs are immersed in the bichromate solution they should be well amalgamated, to prevent the acid from eating them too rapidly. The amalgamating is done by immersing the zincs in a diluted solution of sulphuric acid for a few seconds, then rubbing mercury on the surfaces. The mercury will adhere to the chemically cleaned surfaces of any metal but iron and steel, and prevent the action of acid eating or corroding them away as quickly as it would the bare metal. Do not get too much mercury on, but enough only to give the zinc a thin coat.

A two-fluid cell is made with an outer glass or porcelain jar and an inner porous cup, through which the current can pass when the cup is wet. This is shown in Fig. 6.

A porous cup is an unglazed earthen receptacle, similar to a flower-pot, through which moisture will pass slowly. The porous cup contains an amalgamated plate of zinc immersed in a solution of diluted sulphuric acid, one ounce to one pint of water. The outer cell contains a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, in which a cylindrical piece of thin sheet-copper is held by a thin copper strap bent over the edge

of the outer cell. A few lumps or crystals of the copper sulphate should now and then be dropped in the bottom of the jar to keep the copper solution saturated at all times. When not in use the zinc should be removed from the inner cell and washed off, and when the battery is not to be used for a number of days it would be best to pour the solutions back into bottles and wash the parts of the battery, so that it will be fresh and strong when next required for experimental work.

When in action the solutions in both cups should be at the same level. Be careful never to allow the solutions to get mixed or the copper solution to touch the zinc. Coat the top of the porous cell with paraffin to prevent crystallization and also to keep it clean.

For telegraph-sounders, large electric bells, and as accumulators to charge batteries, the gravity cell is employed extensively where there is room to accommodate a number of them. The one shown in Fig. 7 consists of a deep glass jar, three strips of thin copper riveted together, and a zinc spider that is caught on the upper edge of the glass jar. These parts will have to be purchased at a supply-house, as well as a pound or two of sulphate of copper (blue stone). To set up the cell, place the copper at the bottom and drop in enough of the crystals to generously cover the bottom, but do not try to embed the metallic copper in the crystals; then fill the jar half full of water. In another jar

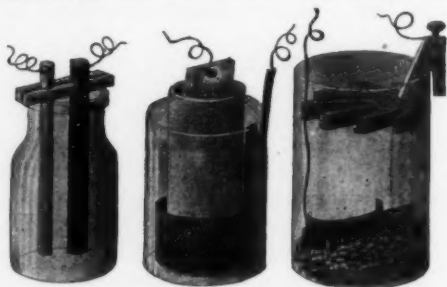


FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF CELLS.

dissolve two ounces of sulphate of zinc in enough water to complete the filling of the jar to within an inch of the top; then hang the zinc spider on the edge of the jar so that it is immersed in the liquid and about three inches above the top

of the copper strip. The wire that leads up from the copper should be well insulated with a water-proof coating. This and the wire from the zinc are to be connected with a telegraph-sounder and key or to the electric bell or other objects for which it will furnish current.

At first the solutions will mingle, but to separate them join the two wires and start the action, and in a few hours a dividing line will be seen between the white, or clear, and blue solutions, when the cell will be stronger. After continual use it may be necessary to draw off some of the clear zinc sulphate, or top solution, and replace it with clear water, for the action of the acids reduces the metallic zinc to zinc sulphate and deposits metallic copper on the thin copper strips, and in doing so electricity is generated.

BINDING-POSTS AND CONNECTORS.

FIVE very simple posts are shown in Fig. 8. A is made from a screw and two burs; B from a screw-eye and two burs; and C from a thin plate of metal and two screws with oval or round heads. This is more of a connection than a binding-post. The ends of the wires to be connected may be caught under the screw-heads or between the burs before the screws are driven down. In D a simple arrangement of a stove-bolt and two nuts is shown; the under nut is screwed down tightly against the wood,

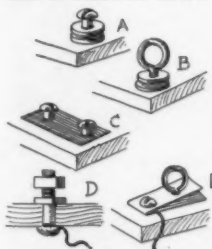


FIG. 8. BINDING-POSTS AND CONNECTORS.

and under the head a wire is made fast so that another wire may be caught under the upper nut. If a small thumb-nut can be had in place of the plain nut, it will be easier to bind the upper wire. A thin strip of metal can be folded over, and at the loose ends a hole may be punched through which a screw-eye will pass. The metal is held to a wood base with a screw, under the head of which a wire is caught, as shown at E. The second wire-end is slipped between the metal plates, and a turn of the screw-eye will bind it and hold it securely.

Connectors are employed to unite the ends

of wires temporarily, and are made in many forms. Three of these are shown in Fig. 9.

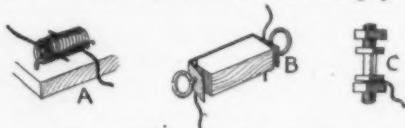


FIG. 9. BINDING-POSTS AND CONNECTORS.

An ingenious form of connector, sometimes used in laboratories, is made of a deep pill-box or wooden salve-box filled with paraffin. One or more holes, separated as far as possible, are made in the wax and are then filled with mercury. For ordinary use one hole or "cup" will answer. The end of a wire coming, we will say, from the battery, remains immersed in the mercury. Then to make the circuit it is necessary merely to dip in the same cup the end of the wire that proceeds to the bell or other piece of apparatus.

SWITCHES AND CUT-OUTS.

A SIMPLE switch (Fig. 10) is made from a piece of wood for a base 3 inches long, 2 wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in thickness, and some small metal parts. It has but one contact point, that is the brass-headed tack T, driven through the binding-post, which is a small plate of brass, copper, or even tin screwed to the base-block. The end of a wire is caught under the screw-head before it is driven down. A similar binding-post is

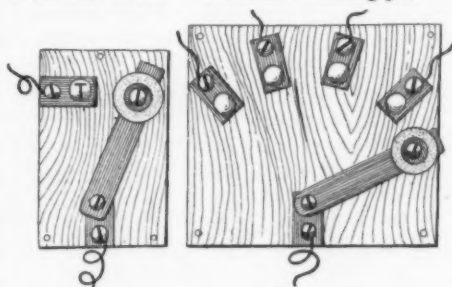


FIG. 10.

FIG. 11.

SWITCHES AND CUT-OUTS.

arranged at one end of the block, and the movable arm is attached to it with a screw. Between the arm and the post-plate there should be a small copper bur to make it work more easily. The arm is cut from a thin piece of hard

sheet-brass or copper (tin or zinc will do very well), and at the loose end the half of a small spool is attached with a brass screw and bur, to act as a handle. The end of the screw that passes through a hole in the arm is riveted to the under side to hold it securely in place.

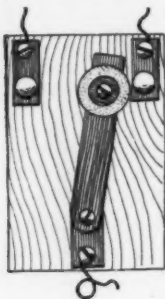


FIG. 12.

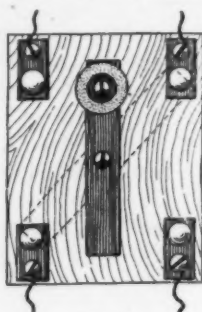


FIG. 13.

SWITCHES AND CUT-OUTS.

Fig. 11 shows a switch designed to carry the current to one or the other of four lines, and in Fig. 12 a switch to conduct to one of two lines. In Fig. 13 is shown a simple cut-out by which one line may be cut out and another connected, and vice versa, by the same switch.

PUSH-BUTTONS.

THE simplest form of push-button is a piece of bent tin or brass screwed fast to a small block of wood, as shown in Figs. 14 and 15; under the screw-head one end of a wire is caught, and the other wire-end is caught under a washer, and a screw driven into the block directly under the projecting end of the strip.

Fig. 16 shows a circular push-button. On top of a box-cover is glued one end of a spool, and through this projects the loose "pusher."

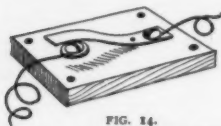


FIG. 14.

SIMPLE PUSH-BUTTONS.



FIG. 15.

To prevent the push-button from falling out, a small steel wire nail can be driven through the plug near the upper end; so as to clear the under side of the lid, as shown in Fig. 17. The button

is mounted by first screwing the base, for which one may use the push-button shown in Fig. 15 (after mounting a spool-end on the contact



FIG. 16.



FIG. 17.

DETAILS OF CIRCULAR PUSH-BUTTON.

strip, Fig. 17), fast to the door, or window-casing after the wires are in place; the button is then set in the hole, and the cover placed over the base, and by means of small screws passed through the rim of the box and into the edge of the base the cap is held in place.

ELECTRO-MAGNETS.

THE familiar horseshoe magnet is made of highly tempered steel and magnetized so that one end is a north pole, the other a south, or perhaps more commonly known as a negative and a positive. Once magnetized, it is always magnetic unless the power is drawn from it by exposure to intense heat. An electro-magnet, however, can be made from any scrap of soft iron, from a piece of ordinary telegraph-wire to a gigantic iron shaft.

When a current of electricity passes through



FIG. 18. A SIMPLE ELECTRO-MAGNET.

an insulated wire coiled about a soft-iron object such as a nail, a bolt, or a rod, that object becomes a magnet as long as a current of electricity is passing through the coils of wire or helix. A coil of wire in the form of a spiral spring has a stronger field than a straight wire carrying the same current, for each turn or convolution adds its magnetic field to that of the other turns; and by having the center of the coil of iron, which is a magnetic body, the strength of the magnetism is greatly increased.

A very simple form of electro-magnet is made

by winding several layers of No. 20 insulated copper wire around a stout nail or a carriage-bolt; and, by connecting the ends to a battery of sufficient power, some very heavy objects can be lifted. A single-magnet, like the one shown in Fig. 18, and C in Fig. 19, is made with a piece of soft-iron rod 6 inches long and half an inch in diameter, the ends of a large spool sawed off and worked on the rod, and half a pound of No. 20 insulated copper wire. To protect the outer insulated coil of wire from chafing and a possible short circuit, it would be best to wrap several thicknesses of stout paper around the coil after winding and glue it fast, or a leather cover will answer as well.

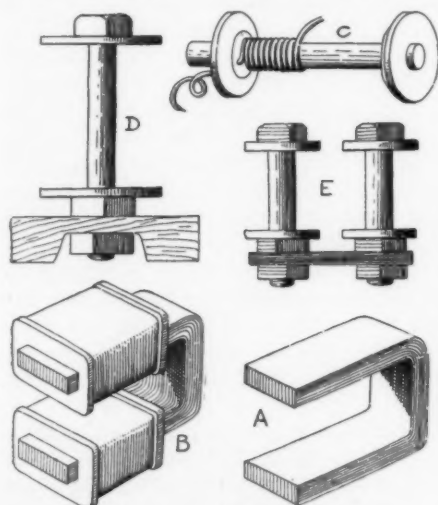
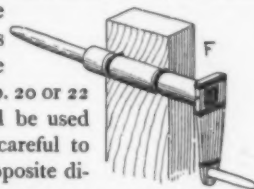


FIG. 19. VARIOUS STYLES OF ELECTRO-MAGNETS.

For electric bells, telegraph-sounders, and other electrical equipment requiring the horse-shoe or double magnet several kinds can be used, but the simplest is made from two carriage- or machine-bolts and a yoke of soft iron, as shown at E in Fig. 19. The yoke is $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch in width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and provided with two $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch holes $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart from center to center. Two-inch carriage- or machine-bolts are used, and they should be $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter; nuts are screwed on far enough to admit the yoke and another nut to hold it in place, and bind the three pieces in one compact mass. Washers are placed on the bolts to hold

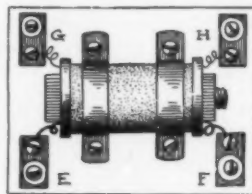
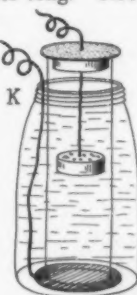
the ends of the wire coils in place, and the winding may be done on each bolt separately and connected to the yoke after the winding is completed. Double cotton insulated No. 20 or 22 copper wire should be used for the coils. Be careful to wind the wire in opposite directions on the two cores; or if wound the same way, connect them up so that the current will pass through them in opposite directions.

In winding magnets it will often be found convenient to slip the spool over a spindle connected with a crank. Such an apparatus, which is to be held in a vise, is shown in Fig. 20. The thick part of the shank is held loosely against the block by a pair of ordinary staples.

FIG. 30.
WINDING DEVICE.

THE INDUCTION-COIL.

A SIMPLE induction-coil is made by winding two coils of wire on a spool through which, as a core, there is a $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch iron bolt, the whole apparatus being about six inches long. First wind three layers of No. 24 cotton-insulated wire, leaving about six inches of the wire projecting from the spool at each end. Over the last layer of this coarse wire wrap several thicknesses of brown paper, and then wind with eleven or thirteen layers of No. 30 insulated copper wire, keeping the layers smooth. Leave also ends of this wire six inches long. Screw a nut on the coil and mount the whole on a block of wood; see Fig. 21. The two

FIG. 21.
AN INDUCTION COIL.FIG. 22.
A BOTTLE RESISTANCE.

ends of the coarse wire will be connected to binding-posts, as shown in E and F, and the ends of the fine wire as shown at G and H.

In order to get a shock from this coil, it will be necessary to have a pair of handles and a current-interrupter. The handles can be made from two pieces of tin rolled into the form of cylinders, to which wires may be soldered.

If the shock is too intense, it can be weakened by drawing the elements—that is, the carbon and zinc—partly out of the bichromate solution, or a regulator can be made of a Welsbach burner chimney and a glass preserving-jar filled with water.

Solder a wire to the edge of a small tin disk, as shown in Fig. 22, on which the chimney rests

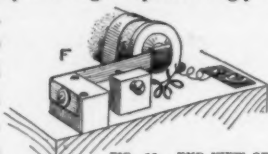


FIG. 23. END VIEW OF INTERRUPTER.

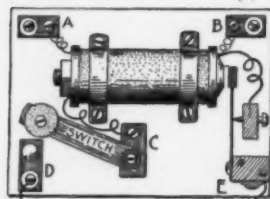


FIG. 24. AN INTERRUPTER.

at the bottom of the jar, and another wire to a tin box-cover, with some small holes punched in the top, and which is suspended within

the chimney. This wire is passed out through a cork at the top of the chimney, made of a disk of cardboard and a piece of wood. One wire is connected with D of the interrupter (Fig. 24), and the other with a battery-pole. This bottle apparatus acts the same as a resistance-coil, and by raising or lowering the box-cover the current is increased or diminished. The action of the interrupter, as far as the vibrating tongue is concerned, will be clear from the description of the buzzer in the next column. Connect the battery with D and E and the handles with A and B.

An effective means of reducing or increasing the "tingling" effect felt by one holding the handles connected with the secondary circuit of an interrupter, is to have a movable iron core to the induction coil instead of the solid iron bolt. When the core is pushed in to fill up the hollow core-space the effect will be strongest. To reduce this, slowly pull out the core. The reason for this is clear. The magnet is stronger when the coils have the solid core. When the iron core is partly withdrawn the coils that have only a hollow air core-space will be weak.

ELECTRIC BELLS AND BUZZERS.

The general principle of the telegraph-sounder described on page 1119 is employed in the operations of bells and buzzers, but instead of the finger being used to release the armature the current is made to do it, so that a continuous vibration of the armature takes place so long as there is sufficient current running through the coils.

To make a buzzer, cut a base-block $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inches and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, and mount a horseshoe-magnet made of bolts and a yoke and coils, about at the middle of it, as shown in Figs. 25 and 27. The magnet is held to the base by a flat wooden cleat and a screw passed down through a hole in the cleat and into the base, between the coils. An armature of soft iron 2 inches long and half an inch wide is riveted to a piece of spring brass, as shown at D in Figs. 25 and 26, and the end bent so that it will fit around the corner of a block to which it is held fast with two screws. This armature is mounted so that there is a space one sixteenth of an inch wide between it and the bolt-heads, as you can see in Fig. 25.

The brass is bent out slightly and runs parallel with the armature for one inch and a quarter and against which the end of the screw mounted in block B, Figs. 25 and 26, rests. The block B is a small piece of hard wood screwed fast to the side of the base to hold the set screw and also the wire—that comes from the outside of the upper coil; a small hole is made in the edge of

the block and the wire is passed in so that the end rests in the screw-hole, as shown by the

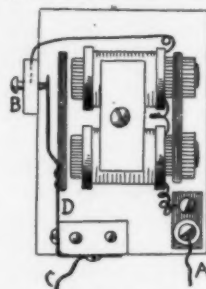


FIG. 25. DIAGRAM OF BUZZER CONNECTIONS.

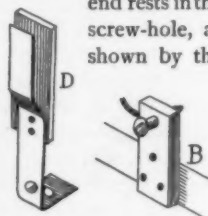


FIG. 26. DETAILS OF BUZZER PARTS.

dotted line. When the screw is placed in the hole and turned it comes in contact with the wire and makes a connection. On the base, near the armature-block a binding-post is made

fast. The current passes in through the wire A, goes through the coils and around to the screw B, then through the armature to the block and out through the wire C. In its circuit the bolts are magnetized and they draw the armature, but the instant they do so the loose spring-brass end is pulled away from the screw at B and the circuit is broken,—the bolts cease to be magnetized then and the armature flies back as the spring-brass neck at D makes it do so. The loose brass-end then, on touching the screw-point, conducts the current through the coils again with the continual vibrating action as long as the electric current is passing in at A and out at C. The greater the volume of current the greater the number of vibrations, and to properly regulate the contact, the set-screw B must be adjusted at the right point.

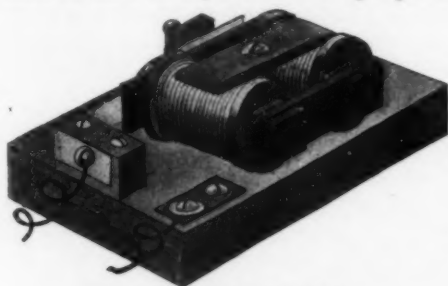


FIG. 27. GENERAL VIEW OF BUZZER.

Paste pieces of heavy paper over the heads of the bolts to overcome residual magnetism.

An electric bell is made the same as a buzzer, but, continuing on from the end of the armature, a wire or rod is mounted with a ball or clapper at the end, which strikes the bell as the current causes the armature to vibrate.

TELEGRAPH-KEY AND SOUNDER.

TELEGRAPH instruments are very simple to make and two boys can easily have a line between their homes.

The key is simply a contact maker and breaker, so that the circuit can be conveniently and rapidly opened and closed by the operator. A simple telegraph-key is shown in Fig. 28. The base-board is 4 by 6 inches and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. At the front end a small metal connector-plate is screwed fast, and, through a

hole in the middle of it, an upholsterer's brass-headed tack is driven for the under side of the

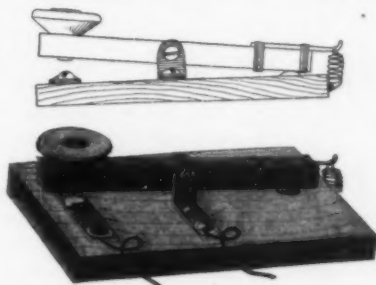


FIG. 28. A TELEGRAPH-KEY.

key to strike against. Two L pieces of metal are attached to the middle of the board to support the key-bar by a bolt passing through them and the bar, and at the rear of the board another upholsterer's tack is driven in the wood for the end of the bar to strike and make a click. The bar is of brass or iron three eighths by half an inch. A hole made at the forward end will admit a brass screw, that in turn will hold a spool-end to act as a finger-piece. The screw can be cut off and riveted at the under side. A short, strong spring is to be attached to the back of the base-block and to the end of the key-bar by means of a hook, which is made from a steel-wire nail, flattened and bound to the top of the bar with wire, as shown in Fig. 28, in the lower figure of which the wires to the bell are shown.

A simple switch can be connected with the L

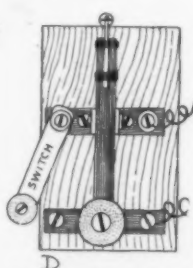


FIG. 29. TELEGRAPH-KEY WITH SWITCH.

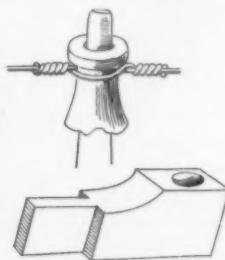
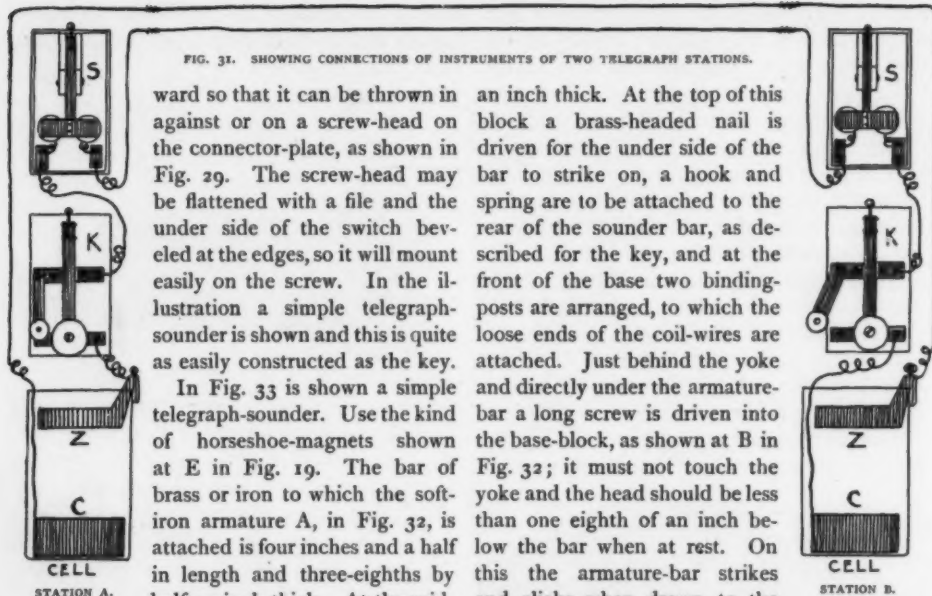


FIG. 30. DETAILS OF TELEGRAPH SOUNDER AND LINE INSULATOR.

plate and the connector-posts at the opposite side of the key base so that if necessary the circuit may be closed, or an arm may be caught under the screw at the L plate and brought for-



ward so that it can be thrown in against or on a screw-head on the connector-plate, as shown in Fig. 29. The screw-head may be flattened with a file and the under side of the switch beveled at the edges, so it will mount easily on the screw. In the illustration a simple telegraph-sounder is shown and this is quite as easily constructed as the key.

In Fig. 33 is shown a simple telegraph-sounder. Use the kind of horseshoe-magnets shown at E in Fig. 19. The bar of brass or iron to which the soft-iron armature A, in Fig. 32, is attached is four inches and a half in length and three-eighths by half an inch thick. At the mid-

dle of the bar, through the side, a hole is bored, through which a small bolt can be passed to hold it between the upright blocks of wood;

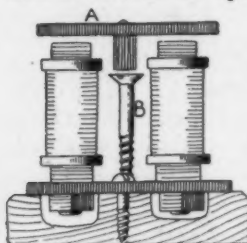


FIG. 32. DIAGRAM OF A TELEGRAPH-SOUNDER.

and at the front end two small holes are to be bored so that the armature can be riveted to it. A small block of wood is cut, as shown in Fig. 30, against which the two upright pieces of wood are made fast. This block is

two inches and a half long, one inch and a quarter high, and seven eighths of an inch wide. The laps cut from each side are an inch wide and quarter of an inch deep to receive the uprights, which are an inch wide and quarter of

an inch thick. At the top of this block a brass-headed nail is driven for the under side of the bar to strike on, a hook and spring are to be attached to the rear of the sounder bar, as described for the key, and at the front of the base two binding-posts are arranged, to which the loose ends of the coil-wires are attached. Just behind the yoke and directly under the armature-bar a long screw is driven into the base-block, as shown at B in Fig. 32; it must not touch the yoke and the head should be less than one eighth of an inch below the bar when at rest. On this the armature-bar strikes and clicks when drawn to the magnets, for the armature must not touch the magnets, otherwise the residual magnetism would hold it down. This screw can be ad-

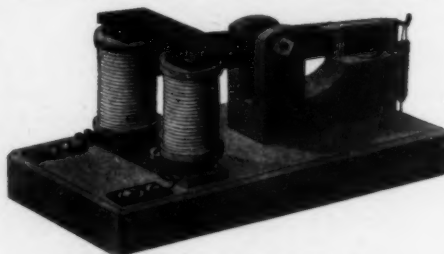


FIG. 33. A TELEGRAPH-SOUNDER.

justed to produce the proper click. When the sounder is at rest the rear end lies on the brass tack and the armature is about quarter of an inch above the magnets. In Fig. 31 are shown the connections of two telegraph stations.

JEREMI' AND JOSEPHINE.

(*A Duet.*)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

As Jeremi' and Josephine
Were walky-talking on the green,
They met a man who bore a dish
Of — (anything you like to wish!)

They stared to see the man so bold;
They really thought he must be cold,
For he was clad, though chill the day,
In — (anything you choose to say!)

The man returned their stare again;
But now the story gives me pain,

For he remarked in scornful tone —
(I 'll let you manage this alone!)

And there is even worse to come;
The man, I 've been informed by some,
Inflicted on the blameless two —
(I leave the punishment to you!)

This simple tale is thus, you see,
Divided fair 'twixt you and me;
And nothing more I 've heard or seen
Of Jeremi' or Josephine.



AN OCTOBER DAY IN THE FIELDS.

AFTER BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.

HERE is a little story which may interest patriotic young readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

After General Burgoyne had surrendered to General Gates he was, as you know, conducted to Boston, whence he sailed to his English home. The failure of the British arms was a terrible disappointment to him, and although he was too proud to show what he felt, the ride down from Saratoga to Boston must have been a hard journey for him, with days and nights filled with bitter recollections and regrets.

But he was escorted with all the honor possible, and every courtesy was shown to him. General Gates and his staff were gentlemen, and Burgoyne was treated as little like a prisoner as was consistent with the situation. He had a good horse to ride, and, wherever the little company of officers stopped for the night, he was given the most comfortable room and the best of everything that the house could afford.

Naturally, General Burgoyne was grateful for this consideration, and probably when he sailed from Boston he carried with him most pleasant memories of the men who had been his guards and yet friends. Chief among these was a young officer, Major Seymour. He was a member of General Gates's staff and a friend of Washington. Although at the time of General Burgoyne's surrender he was not much more than a boy, he was already known as a brave and gallant soldier as well as an accomplished gentleman. In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, you will see the picture by Trumbull, one of the early American painters,

of "The Surrender at Saratoga." In this picture there is just one figure on horseback, and that is the young Major Seymour.

He it was who was given special charge of General Burgoyne, and who brought him safely to Boston. On the road there were plenty of people to stare and jeer at the defeated general, and he was saved from many an insult

only by the watchfulness and care of his young escort. Sometime

before there had been a rumor — doubtless a false one — that Burgoyne had said, in jest or earnest, that he would give rewards for all scalps of Yankees brought to him, which remark had greatly infuriated the people who heard of it. So, as he was riding along through the country, an old woman rushed out of a wayside house, and, shaking her fist in the air, shouted toward him, angrily:

"Now, now, now! What will you give for your scalps now?"

Before General Burgoyne could reply, Major Seymour drew up his stately young figure, and with the greatest dignity faced the excited speaker.

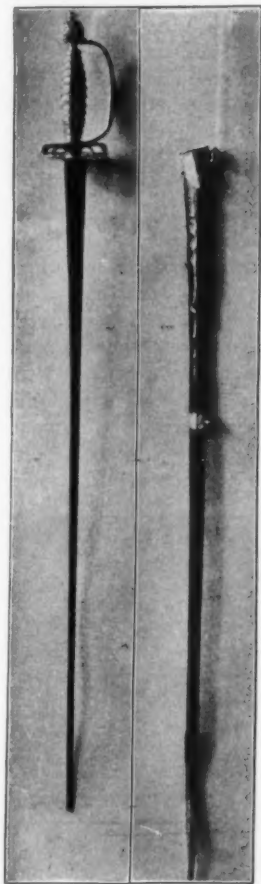
"Go into your house, madam!" he promptly ordered. Then, with a quick command to his men, the little cavalcade rode on, leaving the old woman in dumb astonishment.

Before Major Seymour and his prisoner parted company at Boston, General Burgoyne presented him, as a mark of appreciation of his kindness and courtesy, with the trappings of his horse. These were carefully treasured by Major Seymour's family for several years. But at last, when his younger brothers were grown up, being



MAJOR SEYMOUR.

fond of show and gaiety, they frequently borrowed these valued trappings to use on muster-days, and unfortunately there is nothing left of them now.



BURGOYNE'S SWORD AND SCABBARD.

But there exists another relic of this trip of Burgoyne. They chanced to stop one night at the old town of Hadley. Here, desiring to show his thanks for the hospitality offered him, Burgoyne uttered a wish that his sword should be given to his host, which was accordingly done. Strange to say, the sword disappeared—at least from the knowledge of the present generation of the family—until a few years ago. Then, one day, one of the daughters found it hidden away in an old chest, among blankets which had long lain unused. Of course it was immediately brought out and displayed in a place of honor; and not long ago, when there was at Saratoga a celebration of the surrender of Burgoyne, this sword was proudly carried in the procession by the lady to whose great-grandfather it had been given by direction of the general himself.

All this was told to me by the granddaughter of Major Seymour. She has shown me, too, a picture of which I give a photograph. The center, as you see, is a portrait of Washington. Major Seymour told his daughter that this was



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, SET IN A WHITE SATIN SCREEN EMBROIDERED BY MAJOR SEYMOUR'S DAUGHTER.

the most satisfactory likeness of Washington that he knew; and he should have been a good judge, as he knew Washington intimately. As I said, the picture is in the center of this piece of white satin; but all the design around it was the work of a little girl of eleven years, and the embroidery is almost as fresh and as delicate as when it was first done, so many years ago. She was Major Seymour's little daughter, and her daughter it was who told me this story of these relics, still in existence, that are connected with the "surrender of Saratoga" on the 7th of October, 1777, just one hundred and twenty-eight years ago this month. As every schoolboy and schoolgirl probably knows, it was one of the most important events of the American Revolution.



A CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION OF HALLOWE'EN.

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.



THIRTY-ONE children to be entertained — a guest for each of October's golden days — and Hallowe'en to be celebrated! There are easier things to do. Such "stunts" as mirror-gazing at the shivery hour of midnight, as following a thread through a dark cellar, or pulling kalestocks; none of them could be called child's play. Something had to be planned that was different, something entertaining and "Hallowe'eny."

The invitations, which were sent out a week in advance, read as follows:

Won't you come to my Hallowe'en party, from 6 to 9, Saturday, October 31? Please wear real play-clothes.

SYLVA HALL,
25 Park Avenue.

In the corner of each card was a tiny water-color sketch — a witch riding a broom, a blinking owl, or a broad-winged bat.

Every response was an acceptance, and straightway preparations for the party began. From a farm-house we drove home one day with a load of cornstalks, pumpkins, and carrots. Everybody in the household who could use a jack-knife was pressed into service. Big pumpkins and little were transformed into lanterns, with faces upon which black or white paint had sketched queer eyebrows or fierce mustachios. They were distributed about the house: tucked among russet oak-leaves and green pine-boughs on each mantel, set lantern-fashion on a newel-post in the hall, or hung here and there from overhead grilles. Cornstalks were stacked beside a fireplace at a safe distance from the fire, and the house was lit dimly by pumpkin-heads or candles set in hollowed carrots.

The dining-table was set with a group of carrot candlesticks and bowlfuls of apples, nuts, grapes, and candy. Upon a fat pumpkin was

perched a Hallowe'en witch holding a handful of raffia, which came from the mouth of a grab-bag. In her black gown, peaked hat, and flying red cloak, with a veritable broomstick in her hand, she was the star of indoors. On the lawn, ready to offer a welcome to every guest who arrived, was a greater star, a life-size witch, with a pair of twinkling red eyes which could be seen two blocks distant. Her framework was a rough wooden cross with one end hewn to a sharp stake which was driven into the ground. Pillows were tied about her lath-like form for shapeliness, while her garb was a night-gown. The pumpkin-head was of noble proportions, the hair was a bunch of black raffia,



"UPON A FAT PUMPKIN WAS PERCHED A HALLOWE'EN WITCH."

and over it perched a lordly hat with a peak nearly a yard high, wide brim, and a crisp scarf of orange-colored paper tied in a magnificent bow at one side. The head was nailed securely to the framework, and inside the can-

dles flared safely, for the witch's cap was lined with asbestos. That she made a hit would be praising her mildly; if her feet had not been securely planted in the earth she might have been tempted to curtsy from the attention she received.

When fifteen small girls filed downstairs, led by their young hostess, they were blindfolded one by one and each played a game of blindman's-buff with the boys in the hall, the one who was captured being her partner for supper. It shattered in an instant the ice which has always to be broken at a children's party. The crowd watching blindman's-buff began to shriek with laughter which grew to genuine hilarity when the sixteenth girl chased the sixteenth boy into a corner. There was a hungry rush at half-past six for the dining-room and parlor where eight small tables were set, four children being seated at each. The supper was a simple one, consisting of tongue and chicken sandwiches, with stuffed potatoes, baked apples with whipped cream, gingerbread men, chocolate, nuts, and grapes.

When the evening's fun began, a jolly young aunt was appointed referee and recorder in the various games. The first part of the program was held in the kitchen while tables were being cleared and dishes carried to the butler's pantry. There was, of course, a tub filled with lukewarm water (it was too chilly a night for a cold plunge), and in it floated a score of rosy apples. Bobbing for them was no end of fun, and the first youngster clever enough to bring one up in his or her teeth was given the first place on the list of honor, which meant later the first chance at the grab-bag.

An apple tied to a string was swinging in a doorway—it got bitten at last—then fifteen minutes were spent over what the small hostess called "candle-boats." It excited curiosity enough when there was handed about a plateful of walnut shell-halves. Each one was numbered on the bottom with India ink, then into it had been poured a spoonful of paraffin. In the center stood a bit of oil-soaked, cotton string to make a wick. The children, each one keeping in memory the number of his walnut-shell, crowded about the tub on the kitchen floor, and on its waters was launched a fleet of burning candle-boats. All sorts of exciting ad-

ventures befell them: they bumped into each other, one or two were capsized, some took fire and burned up, while a few sailed on serenely with their little candles burning up the last drop of grease. The last survivor was inspected for its number, then its owner's name went third on the roll of honor.

There was no greater fun during the evening



"BIG PUMPKIN LANTERNS WERE DISTRIBUTED ABOUT THE HOUSE."

than a "peanut carry." The boys chose partners and were ranged in two lines from the dining-room to the parlor. At the end of each line was a table; one held a big basket of peanuts, beside the other stood the umpire, with her pencil and paper. On it was a wooden bowl and two plates. When the umpire called a girl's name she and her partner walked down the center to the farther table. Covering the backs of their hands with all the peanuts they could hold, they carried them to the other table, where they were counted. It sounds like an easy task, but the winner had only seven or eight peanuts to his credit. When the children began to giggle, when hands grew shaky, or a walk quickened into a run, the peanuts went tumbling everywhere to the delight of the onlookers.



"UPON A FAT PUMPKIN WAS A HALLOWE'EN WITCH HOLDING A HANDFUL OF RAFFIA, WHICH CAME FROM THE MOUTH OF A GRAB-BAG."

There was a game of bean-bags, then a spirited soap-bubble contest. For this partners were drawn again and a ribbon stretched from end

to end of the room, with boys on one side of it and girls on the other. It was played almost like a tennis game, a girl blowing a bubble to her partner, who wafted it back. The contest went down the line, and the children who kept a bubble floating for two minutes won. At last thirty-two names were down on the referee's list and everybody gathered about the grab-bag in front of the witch-doll, who yielded up her reins of raffia. Each boy and girl, according to his or her place upon the list, pulled at a black or an orange-colored strand of raffia. One jerk brought out a bundle wrapped in tissue-paper—and such queer things were unwrapped, velvet cats and china elephants, feathered roosters or tiny dolls, old women who nodded their heads, and old men who winked their eyes, long-tailed mice, or fat little owls, and Japanese novelties without end.

What a stampede there was down cellar when the jolly aunt appeared with a corn-popper, tin pans, and a package of popcorn. Upstairs they came again presently with half a bushel of hot, snowy-white kernels. Then with bowlfuls of popcorn and peanuts they made a circle about the jolly aunt, who announced that the last half-hour was to be devoted to something very weird and "Hallowe'eny." She sat before a low table chanting softly, while into a saucer she tossed a tablespoonful of salt and poured alcohol upon it from a silver flagon. When she touched it with a match it blazed up



"THE WITCH-LADY ON THE LAWN."

in a blue uncanny flame. Then she began in a slow, deep voice:

"Little Orphan Annie's come to
our house to stay!"

She had scarcely reached the last verse when the saucer-lamp flared strangely and went out. The reader lit it again, with her salt and alcohol, and recited:

"All around the house in the jet-black night,
It stares through the window pane,"

but the light went out as she whispered slowly,
"All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp!"

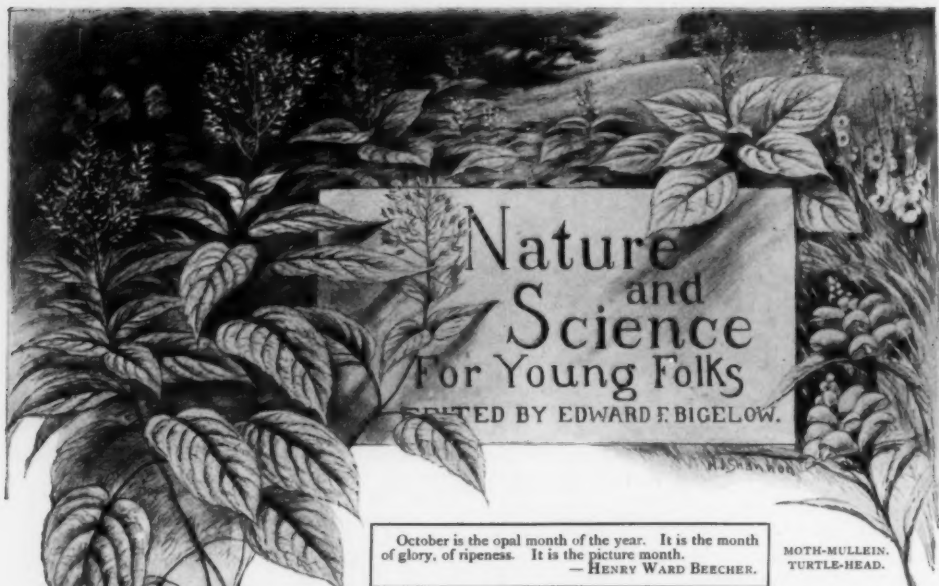
There followed Eugene Field's ghostly "See-in' Things," with its "scary" refrain. But as

she ended the last stanza, the lights suddenly blazed up, real electric lights instead of tallow dips in carrot candlesticks, and the clock struck nine. There was a scurry upstairs for warm caps and coats. "Good nights" were said, not only to the little lady hostess, her tall mother, and the jolly aunt, but to the witch-lady on the lawn, whose round eyes still glowed. Her black raffia hair was blowing across her pumpkin face; she could not very well push it aside, for her arms were stretched out stiffly and her back would not bend.

It had been a very jolly Hallowe'en; even the witch-lady seemed to acknowledge it the next morning, when her head was carried down cellar and her queer wooden leg bumped its way up the attic stairs.



A HALLOWE'EN PROCESSION. LITTLE SANDY IS BEING "HAZED," BUT HE HAS N'T FOUND IT OUT YET.

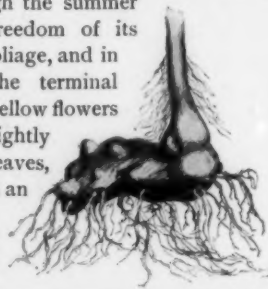


HORSE-BALM OR STONE-ROOT.

OVERLOOKED BEAUTY AND INTEREST.

IN every season there is danger of overlooking the quieter, less familiar attractions. In October, especially, our interest is taken up with the well-known fruits and nuts, with golden-rods, clematis, and milkweed-pods. Our admiration is aroused anew each year by the display of autumnal coloring; but the naturalist is always rewarded by looking closer and seeking out objects less popularly known.

The horse-balm decorates the moist, shady woods all through the summer with the bold freedom of its wide-spreading foliage, and in August, when the terminal clusters of small yellow flowers open and sway lightly above the broad leaves, the plant becomes an object of satisfying beauty. These flowers continue to bloom even into October, and



ROOT OF HORSE-BALM OR STONE-ROOT.
Stony in appearance and hardness.

add to the spicy odors of the autumn woods the richness of their lemon-like fragrance. Another common name for this plant—the stone-root—is very appropriate as we can readily discover by attempting to cut through the root with a knife, when it will be found of surprising hardness.

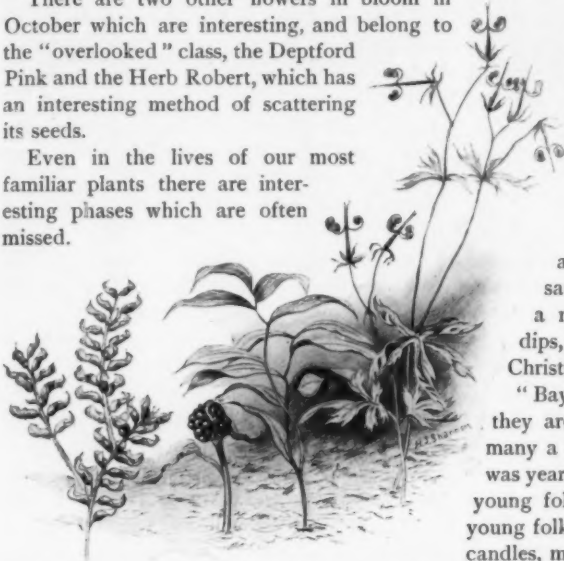
We will find the slender stems of the moth-mullein bearing its white or yellow flowers with their purple centers in quite different situations, along the sandy roads or in old, neglected fields. So tolerant is this plant of dry, thin soil that I have often found it growing along the edges of macadam roads, where it seemed able to find nourishment and a sufficient foothold. Although a frequenter of highways it always maintains a fresh and cheerful appearance, for after the flowers have bloomed the yellow corolla becomes loosened at the base and drops off, while the bud next above it on the stem spreads open its unblemished petals.

Along the swamps and brooks the turtle-head or snake-head will be found in company with the closed or blind gentian. Both of these flowers are certainly striking in form and color, but they present a very uninviting front to the insect world, and only the vigorous efforts of

the bumblebee are able to prevail against their inhospitable doors. He gains an entrance and is dusted by the pollen-grains, which, as he enters another flower, are brushed off on its stigma, and the plants are thus cross-fertilized.

There are two other flowers in bloom in October which are interesting, and belong to the "overlooked" class, the Deptford Pink and the Herb Robert, which has an interesting method of scattering its seeds.

Even in the lives of our most familiar plants there are interesting phases which are often missed.



THE UNFAMILIAR SEED-RECEPTACLES OF WELL-KNOWN PLANTS.
Wood-betony, jack-in-the-pulpit, bellwort, and wild geranium.

It is strange that we are in the habit of studying only one or more phases of some plants; as, for instance, the flower of one, a peculiar tendril, stem or leaf of another, and the fruits of others.

Let us, as naturalists, try to know the full life history of at least a few plants.

Do we know the fruit and seeds of the bloodroot, the jack-in-the-pulpit, bellwort, wood-betony, and wild geranium? Very interesting also are the seeds of the fireweed and strawberry-bush, both fully formed now and worthy of careful examination. Even with eyes reinforced by expectation many humble but beautiful growths will escape our notice, but later we will see them, when the first storm of winter has fallen; then, each delicate detail will be disclosed in exquisite perfection as they stand out in sharp contrast against the white background of snow.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.

"BAYBERRY-DIPS" FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"TAKE these two 'bayberry-dips' home to your little daughter," said a lady in Pawtucket to me early last autumn, "and tell her to keep them till Christmas and put them in a hanging holder on her Christmas-tree."

And when I gave them to Pearl she inquired at once, as I suppose many ST. NICHOLAS young folks will do when they see the heading to this article, "What are bayberry-dips?"

"I want to know, too," exclaimed another member of the family. "I saw an advertisement the other day in a magazine—'old-fashioned bayberry-dips, fragrant and appropriate, for the Christmas-tree'—what are they, anyhow?"

"Bayberry-dips! Don't you know what they are? Why, grandmother made them many a time when I was a boy. But that was years ago, and many things familiar to the young folks at that time seem strange to the young folks of the present. Bayberry-dips, or candles, most fragrant, delightful, and appropriate to the Christmas-tree, seem to be as completely forgotten as are certain flowers of our grandmothers' gardens. But some of the good old customs and things are coming into use again. Bayberry-dips are the candles that



"TO GATHER THE BERRIES IN THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE WAS
THE VERY POETRY OF BERRY-PICKING."

grow on bushes; at least the wax from which they are made grows on bushes. The berries

are on the twigs, and the wax is on the berries, until we take it from these dry "drupes," and



BERRIES ON THE TWIGS.

THE BAYBERRY-BUSH.

use it for the mild and beautiful light, and the delightful fragrance of the smoke from the smoldering wick. When these bayberry-candles were in common use, in the old time, long ago, it was a frequent custom of even the sedate and courteous young ladies of the company to run unexpectedly to the "light stand," and with a laugh and a quick puff of the breath, to blow out the flame, so that their friends might enjoy the fragrant incense that curled to the ceiling in the smoke of the dying wick. Pretty young ladies, a pretty flame flickering at the tip of the candle, a ripple of laughter, a quick puff, a wave of perfume, through the room—does n't it suggest a beautiful picture?

Of the shrubs that bear these wax berries, Robert Beverly says in his "History of Virginia":

At the mouths of their rivers, and all along upon the sea, and near many of their creeks and swamps, the myrtle grows, bearing a berry of which they make a hard, brittle wax of a curious green color, which by refining becomes almost transparent. Of this they make candles, which are never greasy to the touch and do not melt with lying in the hottest weather; neither does the snuff of

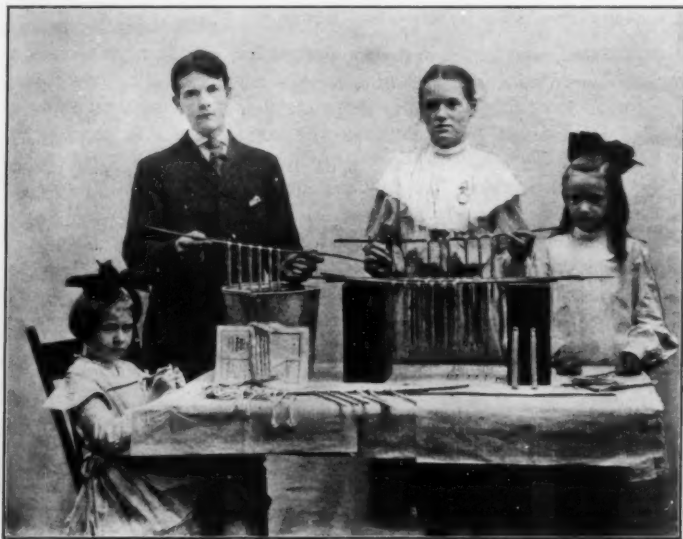
these ever offend the sense like that of a tallow candle, but instead of being disagreeable if an accident puts the candle out, it yields a pleasant fragrance to all who are in the room, insomuch that nice people often put them out on purpose to have the incense of the expiring snuff.

What more appropriate for illuminating a tree at Christmas or more delightful in a room warmed by the logs of the old-time fireplace, than to have it lighted by bayberry-candles? If we could manage the young people, and keep them quiet long enough for us older "young persons" to look at the bayberry-flame and to dream a little! But the extinguishing puff is easily made; the young are active and quick in their movements; the bayberry-smoke is delightful; to blow out the candle is—but you know how that is.

"Why can't we young folks make some of these candles?" inquired Pearl.

"You can, you may, we will." And we so greatly enjoyed the work and the play, that I want to tell other young folks how we did it, and to give them some facts of interest in regard to the shrub that supplies the wax berries.

The bayberry-shrub, or -bush, is found in abundance in the sandy soil along the Atlantic



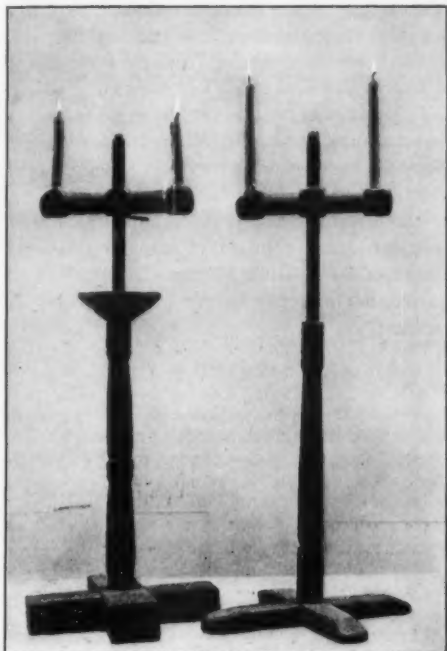
MAKING THE BAYBERRY-DIPS.

Winding wicking
on the rods.

Dipping in the
wax.

Placing the rods on a support for
the layers of wax to cool.

Trimming the
candles.



ANCIENT FORM OF SUPPORT FOR CANDLES.
Literally a candle-stick—all made of wood.

coast, from Nova Scotia to Florida and Alabama and also on the shores of Lake Erie. It usually grows to a height of from three to eight feet, and is reported to grow, at times, in favorite localities, as high as thirty-five feet. The small nuts are grayish in color and so thickly coated with a fragrant wax, that they are sure to attract the attention of any one, especially if he has come from a place in which the plants are not found. He will without fail say, "Oh, my! What are these things? I have never seen berries like them."

Two of their interesting habits are that they may continue to cling to the branches for two or three years, and are in their best condition for candle-making in October, especially after a few frosts have touched them.

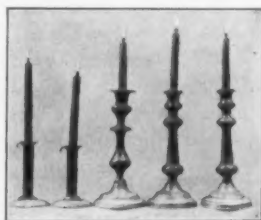
On a hillside the young folks on a brilliant October afternoon found a beautiful cluster of the bushes. To gather the berries in the golden sunshine was the very poetry of berry-picking, in those waves of exquisite odor from the crushed fruit and the bruised and broken leaves

and twigs. What better outdoor music could we have had than the tinkling of the harvest on the sides of our tin pails?

At home we found that the contents of all the vessels filled two large ones. Water was poured on the berries and set on a stove to boil. As we stirred them into the hot water, the perfumed steam made the room fragrant, and the myrtle wax floated to the surface in a layer of delicate green. This was skimmed off, put into another pail, and again brought to the boiling-point and finally strained. A little ordinary tallow was added so that the candles should not be too hard. Ordinary candle-wicking was twisted around some old-fashioned candle-rods and then the wicks were dipped in the pails of water warm enough to melt the wax which forms a layer varying in thickness from a half-inch to two inches. The water and melted wax must not be too hot. Much depends on this, for a temperature a little too high melts the wax from the wick as fast as it is added. We found that it was best to keep the heat as low as possible, and yet hold the wax liquid. Candles, whether of bayberry, or of ordinary tallow, or of any kind of wax thus hand-made by repeated dippings, are known as "dips," and are regarded as the most desirable form.

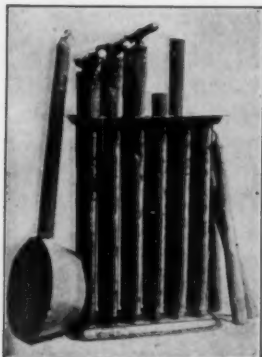
"These don't look like the candles we buy at the store," said Jennie, as she examined them with a critical eye.

Then I explained that we had gone back in time to almost the primitive form of a light-giving medium, or just the next step ahead of a wick in oil, or in melted wax or tallow in a dish. It is probable that our ancestors regarded dipping as a marvelous step in advance of the primitive floating wick. Then what an age of progress it must have seemed when some one invented a mold in which to form them! What a labor-saving invention! What a brilliant mind it must have been to think of that!



SOME OF THE LATER FORMS OF
"CANDLE-STICKS."
Made of metal.

"Can't we make molded candles?" was the chorus, as I explained how the melted wax was



A CAKE OF THE BAYBERRY TALLOW WITH CANDLES PARTLY DRAWN FROM THE MOLDS.

I brought along a set. Here they are. We will fasten the wicking at the pointed bottom of the tube (really the top of the candle), make it taut through the center, and fasten it again to rods at the top across the molds. Now pour in the hot wax and allow it to cool. When it is firmly hardened the candles may be drawn out, when you know how. These molds are of various sizes, some for making two candles, others for four, or eight, or a dozen at a single pouring. In many an old garret, especially in New England, will be found some of these discarded vessels in various sizes, and usually in a more or less battered condition.

The young folks found that the most difficult parts of candle-making by pouring was to get the liquid to just the right temperature, to pull the candles out of the molds, and to wait just long enough to let the wax harden, but not to get so hard as to crack. The secret of the latter is to immerse the mold for only a second in boiling water, and instantly to pull out the candles. The interior of these old-time tubes is not always perfectly smooth, so that molded candles are apt to be rough and uneven on the surface. Dipped candles are smooth, but their outlines are often wavy. "Dips" are rightly the favorite form, as they take us a little nearer to nature, and have no fancy features added by art. A little experimenting showed us how best to do all these things, and it then became an easy matter to produce candles in large

quantities by either method. The dipping has the advantage, because the candles may be made of any size, varying from mere tapers up to almost any reasonable dimensions.

The wax is known to the druggist as "myrtle wax," and is bought to be used (except by those who are reviving this old-fashioned custom of candle-making) chiefly for casting, and by the furniture-makers for rubbing on heavy desk-drawers and on other movable parts of furniture. The United States Department of Agriculture in reply to my inquiry writes as follows:

I am in receipt, through a large wholesale house of Boston, of the following information regarding bayberry wax: The quantity produced under favorable conditions is about 30,000 pounds a year, which is collected in various regions, chiefly in Cape Cod and Virginia, where the collection is not, properly speaking, an industry, but, as the firm informs us, "a pastime." These products are bought in the principal cities of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Concerning the uses to which it is put, I may say that it is of little value medicinally, the chief action being astringent, due to the tannin present in some cases, and sometimes is valued as an emollient on account of the fats present.

The chief demand for the wax, I believe, is for the manufacture of candles which burn with a bright flame and give off a pleasant odor while burning. I have been told by one who used to collect this wax many

years ago, that the wax in his day was chiefly exported to the Islands of the West Indies, where it was said to be used for the manufacture of candles for use in religious services. It had its advantage for this purpose in the high melting-point, which enabled the candles to maintain their erect position in spite of the tropical heat.



AN EARLY FORM OF LANTERN.

All the candles pictured on this and two preceding pages were made from bayberry tallow.

Mr. C. R. Johnson of Westerly, Rhode Island, gives me some interesting items in regard to the wax and the queer old-fashioned methods of gathering these berries in large quantities. He says:

The quantity obtained from a bushel of bayberries varies with the time of gathering, the average being from four to five pounds. Men do most of the collecting, as it is hard and wearisome work. They dress in the oldest and most worthless clothes at their disposal, wear heavy gloves to protect their hands from the briars, and suspend a pan by a rope from the neck. The top of the bush is seized, rubbed once or twice so that most or all of the berries shall fall into the pan. To make the wax clear and free from dirt, the operator must deal with large quantities, frequently averaging thirty bushels a day. The output of wax for a season has been as high as three tons and as low as five hundred pounds. This year there is only about half a crop of berries.

The wax is too expensive to be used alone. It is therefore generally added to other materials to harden them, and to make the candle last longer than it would otherwise do.

Charles Sanders of Westminister, Connecticut, writes:

I have made bayberry wax for several years. In one year I made seven tons. It requires about two hundred and eighty-five bushels of the berries to make a ton of wax, or about seven pounds to the bushel. To separate the wax, I first place the berries in a large set-kettle with water and apply heat until the water begins to boil. I then dip the berries into a vat about as large as a barrel, and with a press having a four-inch screw, to which is applied a pressure of about one hundred tons, the hot wax is separated, and runs into a barrel placed to receive it. From this it is dipped into pans and allowed to cool. I have had no experience with the making of candles.

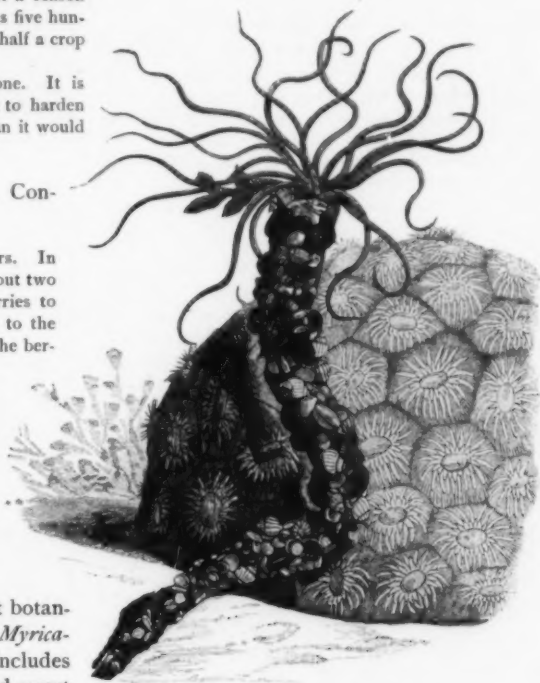
The shrub is a member of a fragrant botanical order known to students as the *Myricaceæ*, or the sweet-gale family, and includes bayberry or wax-myrtle, sweet fern, and sweet gale.

The shrub thrives the best near the seashore, and withstands the ocean winds and storms better perhaps than any other shrub. For this reason it has in recent years been brought into prominence in laying out the grounds around many seashore residences. It is decorative, sweet, and intensely hardy, and will make green and beautiful what would otherwise be an almost barren, sandy, or rocky field.

From an entirely different—one might say "sentimental"—point of view the products of the shrub have also in recent years been coming into favor in revival of old-fashioned methods.

THEY LIVE IN TUBES.

THERE is a curious group of worms inhabiting the seashores, which attach to themselves, along the length of the body, bits of shell, sand, and minute pebbles, thus forming a sheath, a tubular house into which they may retreat. From this funny chimney—like a mineral rag-carpet—the worm expands its breathing organs



THE TERESELLA.

In its tube of bits of shell, sand, and minute pebbles.

at the top where a beautiful waving bush of flesh-colored or scarlet tentacles or gills are seen moving softly in the clear water. The worm is two to four inches long, of a pale-red tint, and with markings on the back like lace-work. The striking *Terebella* of the North Atlantic coast is common among and under rocks, and on muddy shores; and nothing will surprise the strolling naturalist more than this gay and ornamental worm in its quaint self-made home.

L. P. GRATACAP.



"WE WILL, WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

HOW A SQUIRREL ESCAPED FROM A CAT.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy the Nature and Science Department very much and I would like to tell you what I saw a few months ago. I saw a little gray squirrel do a very plucky thing. The first time I saw him he was sitting on a high board fence not far from a cat. He had slowly backed up till he reached a brick wall of a house. Here he stopped, for he saw the cat would have all chances if he leaped down. When he saw that the cat was slowly creeping along the fence



"THE LITTLE FELLOW HAD SPRUNG DOWN BELOW THE CAT AND WAS CLINGING TO THE BEADING ON THE FENCE."

(Sketched by the writer of this letter.)

toward him, he ran right at her and he did n't stop until he was within a few feet of her. The cat was very much startled at this, but she soon recovered and made a spring. It seemed as though for a minute they stood there and fought. But the next moment the little fellow had sprung down below the cat and was clinging to the beading on the fence. Then, with another quick movement, he passed her and sprang to the top of the fence again, but this time behind the cat. After running along the fence for some way, he found it would have been better if he had sought safety in the willow close to the fence. He ran back just in time to keep himself from the cruel claws of the cat.

Yours truly,

HAROLD PURVES MURPHY (age 12).

WOULD A FRESH-WATER OCEAN FREEZE?

ROCKAWAY, MORRIS COUNTY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you tell me, if the ocean did n't have salt in it, would it freeze or not?

Yours truly,

EDITH A. HARCOURT.

If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference. The ocean is prevented from freezing not so much by its salt as by its size and by its motion. On account of its size, large portions

of it extend into warm climates at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast storehouse of heat. Its currents distribute much warm water among the cold.

PROF. JOHN F. WOODHULL.

SHELLS AND SAND HELD TOGETHER BY "THREADS."

WINSTED, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While at the sea-shore I picked up a bunch of small shells and pebbles which seemed to be held together by something hidden among them. I am sending the specimen with this letter. Will you please tell me what it is that fastens them in this way? I am very much interested in the Nature and Science Department of St. NICHOLAS. It cannot help being of great benefit to all lovers of nature.

Your interested reader,

GLADYS M. MANCHESTER (age 13).

Many shell-animals attach themselves by a byssus, composed of silk-like "threads," to



PEBBLES AND SHELLS HELD TOGETHER BY "THREADS."

(Drawn from specimens sent by the writer of the letter.)

stones, sticks, and other foreign objects. Examine these threads carefully. They are elastic, and it takes a strong pull to break them.

"BLUE-TAILED LIZARDS."

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I saw two lizards near the road. They were about ten inches



THE BLUE-TAILED LIZARD.

long and had four legs. Their bodies were green on top and white underneath, and they had bright red heads. A negro called them scorpions, and said that one would jump six or eight feet and kill a man with his bite. I know they were not scorpions, and I want to know their real name.

ALAN DOUGLAS MERRITT.

The specimens were "blue-tailed" lizards (*Eumeces quinque-lineatus*), a species that is black, with longitudinal yellow stripes and a brilliant blue tail when young, but becoming brownish, losing the stripes and blue of the tail, and acquiring a bright red tinge on the head when fully adult. They are commonly—when adult—known as scorpion-lizards and thought to be very hostile and poisonous; however, they are very timid and entirely harmless.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

A QUESTION AS TO ELECTRICITY.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me to what kingdom electricity belongs?

Yours truly,

FREDERIC D. GRIMKE.

Electricity is not regarded as a substance, although our language concerning it might very naturally lead persons to think so. We talk about its flowing in a wire, just as we speak of light streaming in at a window, or of thoughts flowing in a channel. It is manifestly figurative speech, but it seems to be necessary. *Matter* is usually divided into three kingdoms, but *forces* are not.

J. F. W.

DO BRANCHES ARISE IN THE HEART OF TREES?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a section that I cut from the limb of a tree in Maine. The center was soft, and when I poked it out with a stick I found five hard cores like the spokes of a wheel. They seemed to be opposite the places where branches had come out of the bark. Will you please tell me what kind of a tree this is, and if all branches go to the center of a tree like this? Your interested reader,

ROBERT VAN DEUSEN.

All branches do not reach to the center of a tree, although the condition referred to is not uncommon. The young twig sent out a whorl, or encircling cluster of small branches, which were of course on the outside of the branch that bore them. The wood of the branch grew rapidly, and as it continued to increase each year, it soon began to grow around the attached ends of the encircling cluster, and in the course of time it had so increased that it actually surrounded and partly buried the whorl of small growth. The interior wood decayed and became so soft that when the tree was cut it was easy to push out the softened center, and so leave what were at first the starting-points of the whorl of young branches. In a word, the branch grew around what became hard, spoke-like cores, rotted away, and left



"A SECTION THAT I CUT FROM THE LIMB OF A TREE."

the cores in place as my correspondent found them. The tree is probably the white pine.

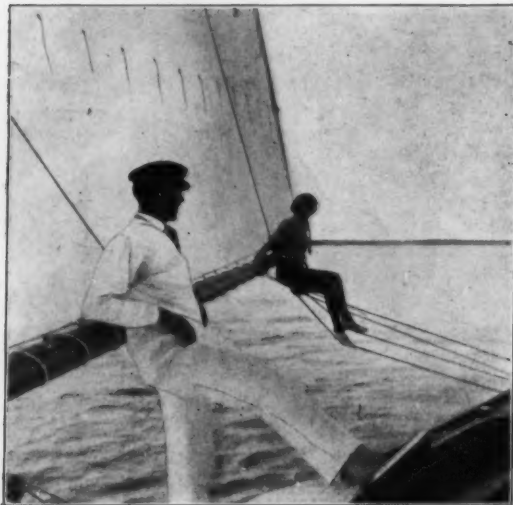
OCTOBER, 1905.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY ROBERT E. JONES, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

"OCTOBER burns upon the lands,
Our drowsy, idle days are passed;
The goldenrod, a warder, stands
To make the gates of summer fast."

THOUGH for most of us the vacation days are ended, we might call this a League vacation number. The poems, pictures, and stories are all of outdoor life; and very good ones they are—inspired, no doubt, by the season and the surroundings incident to their production. Wherever we were,—at the sea-shore, in the woods, abroad, or on the farm,—it is quite certain that most of our League members had a pleasant time; and as the shorter days close in, with less of freedom and more hard work, the days behind will grow ever brighter, until memory puts about them such a halo as will make us wonder why we did not really prize them more when they were slipping by.



"VACATION DAYS." BY SUSAN T. SWEETSER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

For it is the "light that never was on sea or land" which illumines the past. Viewed in it, the smallest joy becomes beautiful, and new and wonderful charms, unseen at the moment, grow and take on a rare coloring as the weeks and months drift away from us and become a part with the days that are no more. Oh, it is not only the summer and vacation days that beam with new light and glory as they recede from us. To-day, now, this very hour, if we live it worthily, and catch even a glint of its joy in passing, may shine out fair and unfading in the light of other years. Too many of us hurry over the present, looking always to a joy just ahead, or turn back with sadness to the rare days we did not prize. We forget that the passing moment may be quite as beautiful, and that it is ours.

It is well to look to the future with its promises, it is sweet to look at the past with its memories, but it is more important to live each passing moment, with that appreciation and understanding, and with that kindness of spirit and that gentleness of thought and deed, that shall make the present, and every part of the past, as fair to look back upon as the sweetest of our vacation days.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 70.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Marjorie R. Peck** (age 14), Oxford, Conn.

Gold badge, **Marie Wennerberg** (age 15), 47 Milford St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Johnson** (age 7), Hotel Victoria, Chicago, Ill., and **Adelaide Wilmer** (age 13), 3000 Clifton Ave., Walbrook, Baltimore, Md.

Prose. Gold badges, **Miriam C. Alexander** (age 12), 2328 Coliseum St., New Orleans, La., and **Margaret Douglass Gordon** (age 13), 330 E. Beverly St., Staunton, Va.

Silver badges, **Dorothy C. Cross** (age 16), 38 Birr St., Rochester, N. Y., and **Madelaine F. H. White** (age 14), 9 Clapp St., Worcester, Mass.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Robert E. Jones** (age 17), Box 61, Milton, N. H.

Gold badges, **Miriam H. Tanberg** (age 8),



"VACATION DAYS." BY W. L. IRISH, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

663 Pine Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.; **Helen G. Waterman** (age 14), cor. Hawthorne and Albatross Sts., San Diego, Cal.; and **Jennie Fairman** (age 14), Wakefield, Kan.

Silver badges, **Seth Harrison Gurnee** (age 16), 416 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Helen M. Copeland** (age 14), 53 Gray Cliff Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.; and **Marjorie Pope** (age 11), 1763 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

Photography. Cash prize, **W. L. Irish** (age 16), "The Hamilton," Morristown, Pa.

Gold badges, **Henry Holmes** (age 16), 601 Masonic Temple, Minneapolis, Minn., and **Susan T. Sweetser** (age 14), Marion, Mass.

Silver badges, **Helen Parfitt** (age 14), "Lansdowne," St. Helen's Park Road, Hastings, Sussex, England; and **Herbert H. Bell** (age 11), Milton, N. Y.

Wild-Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Har-**

denia R. Fletcher (age 14), Accomac, Accomac Co., Va. Second prize, "Florida 'Gopher,'" by **William M. E. Whitelock** (age 14), Orlando, Fla. Third prize, "Young Mocking-bird," by **Alice J. Sawyer** (age 9), Wilmington, N. C.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Morton L. Mitchell** (age 16), Orillia, Iowa, and **Florence Cassidy** (age 14), Montour Falls, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Richard G. Curtis** (age 16), 25 Hakes Ave., Hornellsville, N. Y., and **Herbert M. Davidson** (age 9), 2216 E. 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Albert Ellard** (age 15), 1124 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Margaret Griffith** (age 14), 721 N. Main St., Independence, Mo.

Silver badges, **Dorothy**

E. Hopkins (age 16), 35 Ridgemont St., Allston, Mass.; **Harriet O'Donnell** (age 12), 214 N. Main St., Bellefontaine, Ohio; and **Winifred A. Anderson** (age 8), 1309 Lyon St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

BY MIRIAM C. ALEXANDER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

As I lay on my couch almost dozing, weary from a hard day's fishing, a beautiful, shining sprite, flew in at the window and, beckoning to me, said enticingly, "Come."

Amazed, I asked, "Who are you?"

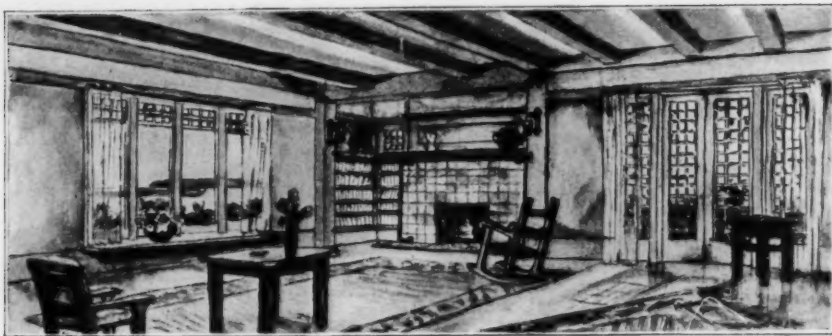
"The Spirit of Prevarication," she replied most seductively.

"What! I cannot go with you, then."

But I could not resist her charms, and bearing me



"VACATION DAYS." BY HENRY HOLMES, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)



"AN OCTOBER WINDOW-CORNER." BY HELEN G. WATERMAN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

far away over the seas, she set me down on a long, ridge-shaped island slimy and black.

"Look into the clear waters about you," she said.

I looked and saw thousands of fish, the largest and most extraordinary monsters imaginable.

"These were caught," said she, as a school of splendid ten-foot bass, salmon, and mackerel swam past, "by amateur fishermen; and, would you believe it, these fine fifty-pound trout were caught by inexperienced ladies, and these whales by small boys when out fishing—alone," she added meaningly; "while yonder great sea-serpents were captured by inventive sailors." Then lowering her voice to a confidential tone, she added:

"You have observed that there are no unsuccessful fishermen. However empty their baskets may be, their mouths are always full of marvelous tales of what they caught, and how, through some mischance, it got away. Now you have seen what no one else has ever seen—the fish that got away."

"Not even they who caught them?"

"No; with my help they did not need to.

"I created every one of these and I preside over this realm. But here comes one of my finest specimens, that monstrous fish that, before Columbus's day, sailors discovered devouring ships." And there it came, crushing a luscious battle-ship between its huge jaws.

"Where," I demanded, greedy for more wonders, "is that stupendous fish that St. Brandon discovered and mistook for a vanishing island?"

"Directly under your feet."

Instantly the island began to heave and plunge and sink beneath me.

Looking up to the Spirit for help, I saw dimly through her fair exterior the ugly shape of a dragon smiling with pitiless amusement. As I vehemently shook my fists at the treacherous one, the cold shock of the mad waters closing over my head roused me, and looking round, I found myself safe in my bed, mercifully pounding the pillows.

THE JOYS OF CAMPING.

BY MARJORIE R. PECK (AGE 14).

(Cash Prize.)

RAIN, rain in torrents!

Fell from a leaden sky,

The east wind blew with fury,

The waves on the lake were high;

The fire sizzled and sputtered,

The air was damp and chill.

Oh, these were the joys of camping!

But we grinned, and bore it still.



"WILD DUCKS." BY HARDENIA R. FLETCHER, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A FLORIDA 'GOPHER.'" BY WM. M. E. WHITELOCK, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"YOUNG MOCKING-BIRD." BY ALICE J. SAWYER, AGE 9. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

Rain, rain in torrents!

And a night as black as pitch,
The wind shrieked round the cabin
Like a horrid, vengeful witch;
The latch at the door was rattling,
The rain dripped from the sill,
Our blankets were wet and clammy;
But we shivered, and bore it still!



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY MIRIAM H. TANBERG,
AGE 8. (GOLD BADGE.)

Sun, sun at its brightest!
Shone through the window small,
Making a patch of glory
On the rain-soaked, steaming wall.
Blue were the dancing waters
Of the lake, once dull and gray:
"Hurrah! for the clouds have vanished,
And we'll really camp to-day!"

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS GORDON (AGE 13).
(Gold Badge.)

THIS is the tale of Rameses, son of Lentulus, fisherman of Alexandria in Egypt in the time of Queen Cleopatra.

Truly, when Lentulus my father died I was but a lad, loving better to spend my days in idleness upon the wharves, diving into Alexandria harbor, and sporting with my companions, than to take up the fishing-net, following my father's trade.

Wherefore, this thing being offered unto me, and savoring somewhat of child's play, gladly I took it.

Now Queen Cleopatra, who then reigned, albeit marvelous fair, yet waxed so great in shrewishness, being troubled by many things, that at veriest trifles she would loudly exclaim, declaring there was no peace for her, and cry out angrily. And especially grew she wroth when, fishing from her barge, she chanced to catch nothing, whereat she blamed those about her. And as fish come always for no one, even queens, her maidens, fearing her much, oft bought fish, the which I, diving, fastened to her net, and she, unknowing, was well pleased.

But these maidens, forgetful of my service unto them, would twit and make mock of me, my garments being tattered and I poor; and I became angry, and yearned for revenge, when I bethought me of a plot. And behold, when next the Queen Cleopatra went a-fishing, her maidens praised her skill to a goodly company, swearing she never missed catch, and I, drifting below, heard all.

And the Queen cast line, and all crowded about her, rendered expectant by her maidens' tales, and she was pleased.

And she drew in line, and lo! never was queen so

wroth, or company so merry, as when she saw a small *wooden fish*, cunningly carved, such as babes play with, and knew she had been deceived, the maidens' faces telling tales.

And below the barge, in my boat, I lay laughing at my revenge.

Far into the sea she flung the bauble, her eyes flashing, and turned on her maidens, whereat I went my ways, judging it no spot for me then.

"CAMPING IN."

BY MARIE WENNERBERG (AGE 15).
(Gold Badge.)

No doubt you've heard of rustic camps
By ocean and in wood,
And pictured to yourself the joy
You'd have there if you could.

But tell me, did you ever hear
Of camping in, not out?
My pa and ma've been doing so—
It's moving they're about.

They tired of our cozy house
And went to see a flat
(The cupboards there are n't big enough
To hold my newest hat).

And now the packing has begun—
When we remember lunch,
We drop upon the nearest trunk,
And sandwiches we munch.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JENNIE FAIRMAN, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

And papa says we're camping sure—
When he comes home at night,
He sits down on a stool or box
And laughs with all his might.

The furniture is all astray,
It must go in the flat;
But oh, dear me! where *do* you think
Ma'll put my biggest hat?



"VACATION DAYS." BY HERBERT H. BELL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

BY DOROTHY C. CROSS (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

FISH stories are told about bears, wolves, and many other animals; but this is a *real* fish story, because it is about a fish.

The heroine is a remora. She is a little fish, characterized by having a suction disk on top of her flattened head. This disk or plate holds her firmly to any surface to which she may choose to apply it.

One day, as the remora was making her daily meal off small crustaceans and mollusks, she was frightened almost to death by the sight of an ugly big mackerel swimming for her. She knew that these big fish had a particular relish for small remoras, so she tried to take refuge under an overhanging rock. Soon he nosed her out, and she had to swim for dear life to a near-by clump of seaweed. There, the remora, in company with a couple of little sea-horses, endeavored to conceal herself. Again Mr. Mackerel spied her, and darted at her through the seaweed. Nothing was left for the remora but to take to the open, with the big fish swimming mightily after her. What should she do? He was overtaking her! Suddenly she dived down, then flew up right under



"VACATION DAYS." BY HELEN PARFITT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

her pursuer, and clapped her little suction disk on his side so tenaciously that no effort of his could dislodge her.

In this manner the remora lived for many days, propelled through delicious feeding-grounds by her enemy. There came a time, however, when she tired of her host; so, one day, while Mr. Mackerel was dozing, she disengaged herself and ran away.

Thereafter she confined herself to shallow waters near shore, where she knew her enemies the mackerels never frequented. Thus she lived most happily.

"CAMP O' MINE."

BY ADELAIDE WILMER (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

AWAY up on the mountain,
'Neath a tall and rugged pine,
I have a little cabin,
And I call it "Camp o' Mine."

It's been there many winters,
When the gray wolves howl and whine;
And the snows drift through the windows
And door of "Camp o' Mine."

Then when again 't is summer,
With birds and bright sunshine,
I mount my horse and gallop
Straightway to "Camp o' Mine."

The thrushes sing and whistle
Their notes so clear
and fine,
And the brooklet dances
gaily,
When I come to "Camp
o' Mine."

HONOR MEMBER.

The words "Honor Member" attached to a contribution mean that the author has already won a gold badge or a cash prize.

TO NEW READERS.

St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers. It is six years old and contains more than fifty thousand members. The membership is free and a League badge with full information will be sent on application.

CAMPING.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 7).

(Silver Badge.)

WHERE shall we spend our summer,
Now the warm days are here,
Laden with softest breezes,
The loveliest of the year?

Shall we wend our way to the moun-
tains,
And climb the rocky cliffs;
Or seek some shady river,
And drift in our little skiffs?

Shall we wander away to the country,
And recline in hammocks wide;
And read many books in the coolest
of nooks
By the rippling streamlet's side?

Shall we stray by the mighty ocean,
And dive under the cool sea waves,
Until we can almost fancy
We see the mermaids' caves?

But when we count the pleasures
Of mountain and river and shore,
We think of a plan for the summer
With these joys and many more.

To camp in the heart of a forest
Is the best way found at last;
And our days shall be filled with pleasures
Until camping-time has passed.

THE FISHES THAT GOT AWAY.

BY MADELAINE F. H. WHITE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

ON a warm afternoon in
early autumn a girl sat by a
brook, reading. Near by a
little boy was baiting a fish-
hook. After the baiting
was done he sat down by
his sister and began fish-
ing. Suddenly he said,
"Sister Amy, could n't you
please tell me a story while
I'm waiting for the fish to
bite?"

"Yes, Neddie," replied
the girl; "I'll tell you a
story about some gold-
fishes.

"Once upon a time, some
goldfishes lived in a large
glass globe. The globe
stood in a pretty arbor by
a brook. There were four
canaries in the arbor, and
flowers and shrubs grew all
around it. It was a beauti-
ful place, but the goldfishes
were unhappy.

"Every day they could
see countless little fishes
swimming and frolicking in
the brook. They seemed
so happy that the goldfishes
envied them and wished
that they, too, were free.



"A FENCE CORNER." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 17.

They thought it would be much nicer to have a whole
brook to play in rather than a glass globe.

"One day a large gray cat came into the arbor and
jumped up on the stand which held the globe. At that
moment a little girl entered and frightened the cat,
who jumped over the globe, knocking it down and
smashing it. The water out of the globe, with the
little fish in it, flowed down the bank into the brook.

"The goldfishes were overjoyed at their freedom and
splashed merrily in the fresh, cool water. They made
friends with the fish in the brook and had a very nice
time. Just before winter they went down the brook into a
lake, and there they had a great many adventures. They
were never sorry that they got away from their old home."

Neddie had been so interested in the fortunes of the
goldfishes that he forgot
his fishing, but now he re-
turned to it. The bait was
gone, but there was no fish
on the hook.

"Do you suppose that
my fish got away too?"
said Neddie.

MY CAMP.

BY BESSIE M. BLANCHARD
(AGE 12).*(Silver Badge-winner.)*

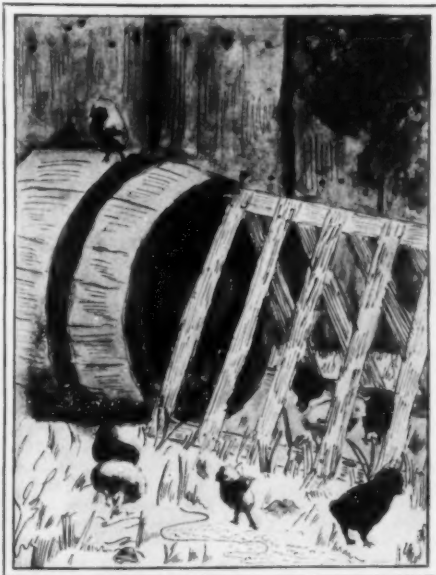
IT stands between the tall
pine-trees,
This little camp of mine;
And at the front a rippling
lake

In summer sun doth
shine.

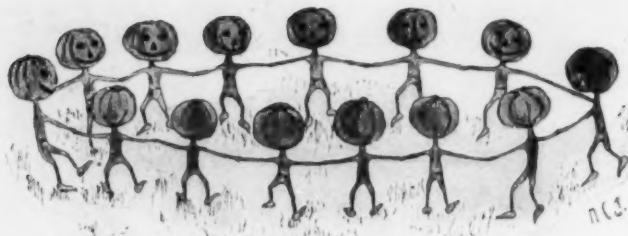
'T is built of strong, brown
maple logs;
The shade around it 's
deep;

Inside there is a fireplace and
A cot where I can sleep.
I always find it pleasant,
For I always love to see
Nature's ever-changing
beauty

In the haunts of bird and
bee.



"A FENCE CORNER." BY MARION K. COBB, AGE 17.



"OCTOBER." BY MILDRED C. JONES, AGE 16.

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

BY LAWRENCE HARGER DOOLITTLE (AGE 13).

(From a Zoological Text-book.)

Piscis magnus, or "the fish that got away," as it is commonly known, is found all over the world. It never fails to take the fisherman's hook, but it has never yet been landed, or even clearly seen. It is well known that it is always too large for a man to carry home, and too wily to be caught. On this account many people do not believe that it exists, but it is well known to all fishermen.

Although all attempts to secure this fish so far have been fruitless, people are still eager in its pursuit, and undoubtedly the natural-history text-books of a few years hence will be able to give an accurate description of this "what-is-it" of the waters.

Frequent glimpses of this fish have been secured by fishermen, but these were too brief to allow of a full description.

There is one established fact, however, and that is that there are no small ones of this species.

A FAIRY CAMP.

BY JESSIE BARKER COIT
(AGE 13).

'T was in a shady nook so cool
I found a tiny camp;
'T was small enough for any
doll,
From flag-pole down to lamp.

The tent was made of spider's
web,

The ropes by him were spun;
The table was a mushroom gray
Brought in from out the sun.

The table was all set for twelve,—
And outside, in the shade,
The queen sat on her throne in
state,
Where she her court had made.

The queen was dressed in cloth
of gold,

Her maids in white and green;
They were all making daisy-chains
To crown her there, I ween.

It was the cutest thing I found
In many a long day;
And I'd go there again, right now,
If I could find the way.

THE CAMP AMONG THE HILLS.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACK-
ELFORD (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

Now night has come as a
mantle thrown
From the shining crests of
snow,
And the watch-fires gleam
By the silver stream
In the rugged vale below;

While the darkness falls o'er the dreary waste
Of the prairies brown and bare,
And the dead leaves fall,
At the breeze's call,
On the still earth everywhere;

And hushed is the sound of the huntsman's horn,
And his dream with rapture thrills,
While the pale moon keeps
Her watch as he sleeps
Safe in his camp in the hills.

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

(A True Story.)

BY FLORENCE R. T. SMITH (AGE 16).

POSSIBLY one of the largest fish that ever got away
was one lost by a gentleman at a lake near my home.

It was such an amusing experience that it may be interesting to the League readers.

The fisherman and a friend, after securing a boat and arranging their poles and tackle, rowed to a part of the lake where they knew the best fish were to be found.

The two men, when they had anchored the boat and cast their lines, waited patiently for some time, almost despairing of a bite. Finally one of them felt a tug at his line and his hopes arose.

The delighted man played the line to secure the trophy more firmly, and soon it appeared to be sulking on the bottom of the pond. That seemed strange. It acted like a salmon; but as salmon are not found in that particular lake, what could it be?

At length, by some peculiar turn of the pole, the line loosened somewhat and the man began reeling cautiously.

After the most strenuous efforts on his part, great was his surprise to see a huge black object rise to the surface of the water, gently fluttering what seemed to be a good-sized pair of wings. To his chagrin, and to the intense amusement of his companion, the fish was found to be an old black umbrella.

In another moment the umbrella got away, as a species of that kind are very apt to do.



"VACATION DAYS." BY ALICE WAAGENHEIM,
AGE 9.

A NIGHT IN CAMP.

BY JOSEPH GOUSHA (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge-winner.)

THE beauteous moon, swift sailing o'er
the sky,
Unfolds upon the earth a silvery veil;
The snowy clouds in silence pass her
by,
Bathed in her gentle light, so soft and
pale.

Upon the rippling surface of the lake
The streaming moonbeams dance in silent glee;
Their laugh, the flashing that the wavelets make;
Their song, the joyous rustle of the tree.

Around about the darksome forest stands,
Each tree with arms extended toward the sky,
As if to seize with outstretched, eager hands
That milk-white gem from out its place on high.
The fitful wind disporting through the trees,
The whippoorwill's long-drawn
and mournful cry,
The hooting owl, the cricket's chirp
—all these
Soothe the tired camper like a
lullaby.

There by the grassy bank of gleam-
ing lake,
The snow-white tents like ghost-
ly watchers stand;
Their rustling sides the dreamy
stillness breaks,
The firelight sheds a glow on
every hand,
Sudden a shadow steals across the
scene;
The timid moon behind a cloud
has gone.
The camp-fire flickers, tries to light
the green,—
Leaps up—falls back—expires
—the camp sleeps on.

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

BY ELEANOR HOUSTON HILL (AGE 11).

(Honor Member.)

THE MUSKIE.
(See Story.)

LAST summer we went
on a fishing-trip to north-
ern Wisconsin. My
mother and father took
turns staying at the camp
with my brother and my-
self. A friend of ours
was with us, but she
nearly always stayed at
the camp. She had said
before we left home that
she would never go in a
boat.

One day my father took
us out in a rowboat, so
that we could fish a lit-
tle. We had persuaded
our friend to go with us.
We had very little luck
until we started home,
when she had a strike.
We were trawling for

OCTOBER

"HEADING FOR
OCTOBER."

1905.

BY ELLA ELIZABETH PRESTON, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

muskellunge, and she had never before fished for any
larger fish than brook trout, so of course she thought
she had a big fish. He did not fight much for a muskie,
and she landed him in a few minutes. We weighed
him, and he weighed but three pounds; but as he was
her first muskie we decided to keep him, as she wanted
to have her picture taken with him.

When we landed we washed him by the boat-house,
so that I could photograph him. He seemed lively for
having been out of water so long.

I took his picture, and then we de-
cided to let him go. We put him
in the water by the landing, and watched
him for a few minutes. We then
thought he would not recover, so we
stooped to lift him out of the water,
when he suddenly darted off for the
middle of the lake.

He did not leave his name or ad-
dress, or we might have sent his
photograph to him, so that he could
show it to the other fishes when he
told them about the wonderful adven-
tures of "The Fish that Got Away."

IN CAMP.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR
(AGE 12).

AFAR o'er the ocean the sunlight is
dying,
And tinges the breakers with
flashes of gold;

Away to the landward stretch forests of fir-trees —
The southland is dotted with meadow and wold.

And here on this hill-crest the waters o'erhanging
Our cabin is built of the driftwood we find;
Here, steeped in the twilight, how fair is the haven! —
The lapping of wavelets doth quiet the mind.

Throughout the long night, while the planets keep vigil,
The ocean shall soothe us with lullabies sweet;
And when morning rises across the deep waters
Our spirits shall gladly its messengers greet.

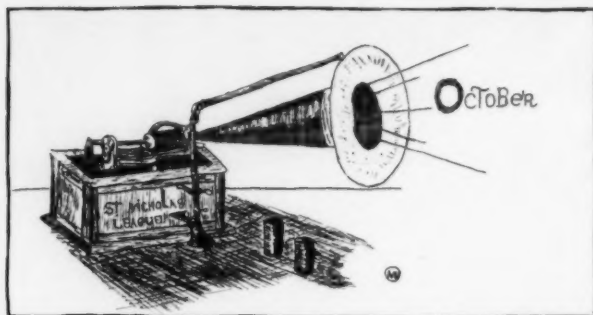
Thro' wood and thro' thicket our footsteps shall follow
The pathway of pleasure, the life of the wild;
And Nature shall teach us the knowledge that 's sweetest,
In accents like music, in syllables mild.

When daylight is past and the moon rises lovely,
Beside the bright camp-fire the wand'ers shall meet
And whisper adventures and talk of the forest,
While 'neath us the ocean doth restlessly beat.

THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH.

BY BERKELEY BLAKE (AGE 11).

Ohi, that fish! Its beauty! its size! There was
never such another; no other ever flashed in the sun as



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY MARJORIE POPE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

it did, no other ever pulled so hard;—but I lost it! I was not a fisherman, I had no right to fish, but I loved to drop my hook into the water and dream and dream while the minnows stole the bait.

So there I sat. The evening sun had changed the lake to a golden floor on which the fairies danced. Fairy music drifted through the air and fairy messengers hurried back and forth across the lake. I reveled in my dreams and lay in sweet content.

Then came a tug, the pole bent as a bow, the fairies vanished in alarm. With one wild pull I jerked, and for a single second there hung in the middle air a perch. One flash from his golden mail and he was gone; a swaying in the reeds, a ripple on the golden path, and all was over—only the fairies came no more!

OUR CAMPING-TRIP.

BY MABEL WINSLOW (AGE 13).

"THE call of the wild" was too much for us,
In the city we could not remain;
So we bought a tent and some fishing-rods,
And boarded a north-bound train.

The road was rough, we were joggled a bit,
From the train to our camping-place;
But the horses were rugged, and we
were strong,
And accepted it with good grace.

We put up our tent, we made our beds,
And washed our faces and hands,
And cooked the luncheon of coffee and
eggs
In response to the urgent demands.

When night lowered down her somber
shades,
Ah! alack and alas for us!
The beds were lumpy and prickly and
hard,
And the "skeeters" made quite a fuss.

The weary, hot summer night was
passed,
With wailings of vain regret.
When I think of the gnats and the "skeeters" and flies,
I seem to feel them yet!

'T was too much for us—"To the city's heat!"

Cried we at the end of the day;

"The forest's all right in the broad daylight,
But in the evening—oh! nay! nay! nay!"

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

BY MARIE A. PIERSON (AGE 10).

IN the pond yonder, half shaded by the willow-trees, there was once a little fish who was amusing himself in the sun and trying to catch flies just for the pleasure of jumping in the sun. He was beginning to feel hungry, so he looked about him to see if there was anything to eat, and far away in the shade he saw a little red worm so lively, so appetizing, that he quickly swam to it and caught it. But oh, misfortune! the worm was only a bait on the end of a line. The poor little fish tried, but in vain, to get away from it. The horrible hook was doing its duty, and the poor little fish was

now going to be a prisoner. Then he thought of the good time he had had in the sun a few moments before and that he would perhaps never see again. Fortunately, the hand that held the line was not a very experienced one, as it was only a little boy's; and as he pulled the line up the fish gave such a jump that he fell in the water again, and oh, how much brighter the sun seemed to him, and what good times he had after such a fright! How careful he was never to touch a worm before he made sure that it was perfectly free! It had been such a narrow escape!

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

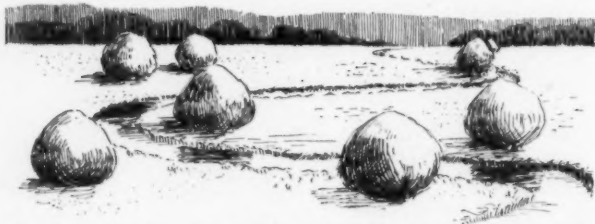
BY LAURA F. BATES (AGE 14).

SOME years ago I spent a most delightful week camping with some of my young friends.

Our camp was situated in one of the most beautiful sites on the banks of the Buzi River, which flows through the Portuguese territory in Southeast Africa.

The scenery there was magnificent and the river was as clear as crystal. The gigantic trees about us, and the

OCTOBER



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY HELEN K. COPELAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

soft carpet of moss and leaves beneath, and the roar of the river near by, made an ideal place for a camp. Often at night we heard the roar of a lion from its lair among the rocks, but in all the time we remained there we never saw one, as they kept out of sight in the daytime.

The river abounded with fish of all sorts, and with crocodiles, too. We spent hours sitting on a tree over-

hanging the river, with our lines, and often caught enough for a good meal.

One very warm afternoon I called my maid and told her to bring her basket and line and come with me to fish.

We had fished for about an hour when suddenly I felt a hard pull on my line, and drew in a strange-looking fish, of a kind I had never seen before. It was black and had no scales. It resembled a catfish, but had no spines. I started to take it off the hook, but a sudden shock ran through my hands as I touched it, and it fell back into the water, where it escaped.

I was sorry to lose it; but what surprised and perplexed me most was what had made me drop it, and what had caused the shock when I touched it. I asked the girl, and she told me that it was an "electric fish," and that it sent this kind of a shock through whoever touched it. I tried very hard to catch another, but failed.

We left the camp for home soon after, and all decided that we had never had a finer time.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

OAK LEDGE, DUBLIN, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think maybe some of your readers would like to hear about a baby coyote I had for a pet last summer. My uncle brought her to me from Texas, where he bought her from the Ponca Indians. She was just like a puppy, and one of her favorite tricks was to bite your ankle till you picked her up on your foot and threw her away; then she would immediately come back and begin over again. It was very funny to see her with a ball. If you rolled one at her, she would run at it; but as soon as she found it was not alive she would assume a look of profound disgust, and walk away in a very dignified manner.

Your interested reader,

MARGARET McKITTRICK.

HARTFORD, VT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: In the June number of ST. NICHOLAS I saw that suggestions would be welcome for the subjects, so I am sending you a list of subjects for the verse, prose, and photograph. I am trying very hard to get a prize, and hope to succeed sometime. I am going to compete every month now.

I collect postal cards, and have about two hundred and thirty. I exchange with Ruth and Gladys Manchester, of Winsted, Conn., and Josephine Whitbeck, of Berkley, Cal.

I belong to Chapter No. 622, in Winsted, Conn., and, although I am not an active member, I attend the meetings by letter—that is to say, the president and secretary and I write often to each other. Last month I went to see them, and had a lovely time. They are Ruth and Gladys Manchester.

I also correspond with Madeleine McDowell, of Boston. I think ST. NICHOLAS is a fine magazine, and the League is lovely. Helen Stearns, my friend, and I are very much interested in "Queen Zixi of Ix." I also think that "Pinkey Perkins" is very good. I like Margaret Johnson's things very much, too.

Fearing that this letter is getting too long, I will close.

From your devoted reader,

ALICE W. CONE (AGE 12).

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Like the majority of your readers I am very much interested in "Queen Zixi of Ix," but I think a story is much more interesting if you know something about the author.

So, having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Baum in California last winter, I thought some of the readers might like to know a little about him.

Mr. Baum is a very distinguished-looking man, I think. He has dark hair and is very tall. He is pleasant and likes children, I im-

agine. He told me he wrote "Queen Zixi of Ix" at his country home quite a while ago. It is the first story he has had serialized. The Baums live in Chicago. There are four sons; one is an officer in the Philippines.

I think Mr. Baum was writing another story at Coronado.

Your interested reader,

CHARLOTTE COOK.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to state that Chapter No. 744 is a very great success. It started in November, 1903, with three members, including officers, president and secretary, and now we have twenty-one members. This may seem small to some, but consider that we do not have any in the chapter except those that will promote the welfare of the League. We have formed a battalion, and I send you our picture soon. We also have a baseball team and a track team; the latter has proven a great success. In the winter we have a hockey team, and we are all very fond of nature study. I would like if possible to have the names of chapters in the vicinity of Washington Heights, N. Y., and the names of the secretaries that I might write and get acquainted with them and have inter-chapter contests.

I remain, yours respectfully,

CHARLES ROTH.

SHEPHERDS BUSH, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I feel I must write to you now I am sending in my last contribution to the League, for in a few days I shall reach the age limit.

Oh, dear St. Nick, how can I thank you for the unlimited pleasure you have given me ever since I was old enough to be read aloud to! I think the most eloquent tribute I can pay is when I tell you I have a huge book-case nearly full of bound volumes right away from your seventh birthday.

My brother when he was a small boy used to revel in you quite as much as I do now; and I think I may truly say, even though he is married, his fondness for dear old St. Nick has not degenerated in the least, and as for mine, well, it never will.

St. Nick, it makes one wish not to grow up if one is to be excluded from one of the greatest pleasures of childhood. But it will only be half gone, for I shall still continue of course to take you; and although I have grown too old to be a Leaguer, I shall watch the progress of those I have left behind.

It is not, however, without a trophy that I leave the League, and my silver badge is the dearest of my possessions. I had hoped to win a gold one, but at any rate I have one memento for my work.

I hope you will print this letter just to show how much an English girl can appreciate and be sorry to leave an American magazine, and I am sure I echo the sentiments of thousands of your readers when I say there is not another in the world that can compare with you.

Now, I suppose, if I write much more you will not be able to find room for it; so please accept the very sincerest thanks from my brother and myself for the enjoyable hours you have given us.

With deepest regret, believe me, your devoted English Leaguer,
DOROTHEA DU PONT WILLIAMS.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Olive Day Thacher, Marguerite Zouck, Louise Edgar, Avil Worrell Kates, Helen D. Long, Eliza Schuh, Margaret Frances Andrews, Claire Curran, Emma D. Miller, Philip W. Thayer, Frances C. Jeffery, Waldo Scott, Dorothy Kerr Floyd, Julia Bullock, Adelia Johnson, Myrtle Alderson, Elsie Nathan, Edith Brooks Hunt, John L. Taylor, Josephine Sturgis, Helen Norris de Haven, Helen C. Clark, Helen R. Sampson, Margaret A. Ewing, Ruth A. Perkins, Walter M. Ellis.

SOUVENIR POSTALS.

The following members will exchange souvenir postal cards: John Orth, 149 E. 91st St., New York City; Marianna Kroehle, 159 E. 71st St., New York City; Eleanor H. Bailey, Box 982, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Helen Stroud, 117 Mackay St., Montreal, Can.; Elizabeth N. McKim, 9 Towers Ave., Montreal, Can.; William S. Rusk, 2000 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.; Alice Harmon Peavey, 51 May St., Worcester, Mass.; Grace T. Hummes, Cedarville, N. J. (foreign cards); Margaret McKittrick, Oak Ledge, Dublin, N. H.



"A FENCE CORNER." BY SETH HARRISON GURNEE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



"OCTOBER." BY SHIRLEY CLEMENT, AGE 10

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Clement R. Wood
Donald Benson Bland-
ing
Alice Shirley Willis
Katharine Hitt
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Abby Dunning
Kathryn Sprague De
Wolf
Margaret Stuart
Browne
Dorothy P. Wetherald
Nannie Clark Barr
Emmeline Bradshaw
Louise Wells
Helen M. Barton
Marie Armstrong
Constance Votey
Claire Lawall
Sybil Kent Stone

VERSE 2.

Dorothy Elizabeth
Hildreth
Isabella Strathy
Doris Wecl
Gladys M. Adams
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Helen Chandler Willis
Helen Leslie Follans-
bee
Twila A. McDowell
Margaret E. Rickey
Olive L. Jenkins
Ella T. Howard
Gladys M. Crockett
Louisa F. Spear
Marjorie C. Paddock
Maude H. Brisse
Mildred Seitz
Louisa McLeod
Mitchell
Edith Evans Young
Margaret Wing Ste-
vens

Alma O. Jones
Dorothea Bechtel
Rachel Thayer
Anna Evelyn Holman
Helen Copeland
Coombs
Alice Seabury
Matthewson
Mary Baxter Ellis
Cora Edith Wellman
Charlotte B. Williams
Corinne Benoit
Elinor L. P. Lyon
Leslie Ross
Langdon Morris
Dorothy Buell
Noel Johnston
Marie O. Keller
Ruth F. Rowe
Doris F. Holman
Gladys Müller
Ruth Bronson

PROSE 1.

Beatrice Treadway
Elizabeth Toof

Lucy H. Catlett
Dorothy Elizabeth
Willy
Gracie Canner
Mallory Webster
H. K. Pease
Mary E. Gunnell
Mary Raridan Gray
Walter E. Isaacs
Dorothy Jones
Alice Weston Cone
Caroline C. Johnson
Carrie F. Gordon
Dorothy Pinckney
Irene F. Wetmore
Elsie F. Weil
Haudassah Backus
Lillian Van Wart
Mildred Lissner
Clara R. Williamson
Helen Coatsworth
Margaret Evelyn
Nordhoff

Frances Jeffery
Ruth E. Wilson
Elizabeth J. Phillips
Cordelia Jinnais
Herbert Dean
Grace Harney
Elizabeth Hiss
Alice Bentley Gantt
Rose Hirsh
Esther S. Conger
Elizabeth Fine Strong

PROSE 2.

Elizabeth Osgood
Collier
Gladys E. Weaver
Marguerite Stevenson
Charles Atkins
Gladys Alison
Stephen Wood
Edna Tompkins
Allen J. Brewer
Monica Shannon
Gertrude Burwell
Marjorie F. Stewart
Willamette Partridge
Bessie Stella Jones
Alma Wiesner

Julia G. Moore
Ruth McNamee
Elizabeth R. Marvin
George Switzer
Sara C. Jones
Gertrude Palmer
Bertha Torchiani
Lois F. Loveley
Dorothy Cooke
Theodora B. Eliot
McCormick
Henry B. Dillard
Harriette E. Cushman
Joyce M. Slocum
Gladys L. Carroll
Louise M. Wiley
Madge Elderklin
Bertha Hansen
Rosamond J. Walker
Edith Adams
Margaret P. Talbot

Josie Hampton
Elizabeth R. Hirsh
Irene S. Beir
Elizabeth Allen
Beatrice Kelley
Norah Hume Blake
Dorothy Hastings
Elsie Alexander
Esther Patterson
Watkins
Mary V. Lee
Vincent M. Ward
Janet Ruth Rankin
Dorothy Evers
Margaret Dow
James E. Moran
Luella Rice
Virginia Coyne
Charles E. Mc-
Clumpha
J. Macpherson
Nelly Paton Walsh
Gertrude A. Hickok
Isabella McGhee

Tyson
Alice May Stevenson
Carolyn McNutt
George B. Patterson
Mildred Tade
Dorothy Dayton
Katharine Dietz
James Symington
Beulah G. Knox
Marjorie P. Greenfield
Elizabeth Ben Brice
Howard R. Patch
Gladys Atwell
Victor Moffet
Doris Eldridge Hodg-
son
Willie Dow
Therese Born
Ruth M. Stevens
Elsa Schneider

DRAWINGS 1.

Natalie Johnson
Charlotte Waugh
Stanislaus F. McNeill
Hilda Rowena Bronson
Mark F. Boyd
Enid E. Jones
Olive Mudie-Cooke
Melville C. Levey
Cordner H. Smith
Hester Margetson
Ruth Cutler
Mary B. Thomas
Marjorie T. Caldwell
Anne Furman Gold-
smith
William M. Robson
Mildred Andrus
Sophie Langdon Mott
Edwina Spear
Anne Latane Clopton
Guadalupe Alvarez
Cortina

DRAWINGS 2.

Harriette Barney Burt
Carl B. Timberlake
Ruth May

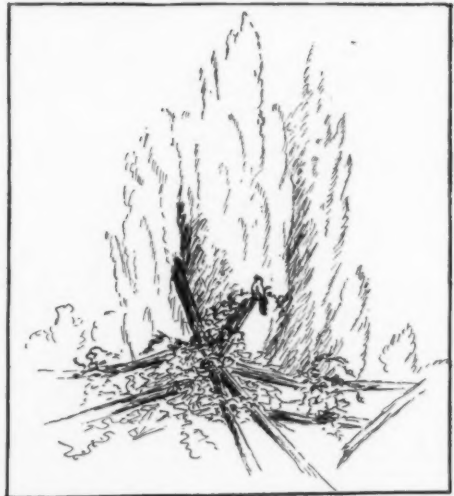
Margaret Dobson
Minnie M. Ferry
Addison F. Worthing-
ton
Louise Kildreth
Credin
Rena Kellner
Helen L. Slack
Gladys L'E. Moore
Helen H. Stafford
Maude G. Barton
Anita Firestone
Helen Reading
Josephine Holloway
Martha B. Taylor
Robert Schulkers
Esther A. Tiffany
Rita Ward
Elizabeth MacDougall
Dorothy F. Eaton
Joseph Hayes Birch-
field
Grace F. Slack
Margaret Reed
Winifred C. Hamilton
Lucia Halstead
Paul Bathurst V. Ulen
Sidney J. Cohen
Margaret B. Richard-
son
Gena M. Goode
Daryl Smith
Mary Aurilia Jones
Alice Humphrey

Esther S. Root
Dorothy Bruce
Peggy Bacon
Fannie Bean
Wilfrid Swancourt
Bronson
Sarah Perkins Madill
Mary Klauder
Valentine Willoughby
Charlotte H. Knaapp
Richard T. Cox
Elizabeth Park
Marjorie Schnarr
George W. Hall
Morgan O. Bogart
R. T. Young
Seibert Fairman
Elizabeth Knowlton
Sylvia Sherman
Lansing C. Holden, Jr.
Beatrice Adams
Joseph Stenbuck

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Helen Bennett Brooks
Judith D. Barker
Mabel C. Becker
Robert Edward
Fithian
Lucie E. Halstead
Jennie E. Shaw
Madeleine Appleton
Richard Elterich

Edna Browning
Elsie Bishop Bucking-
ham
Isabel M. Rex
E. Bunting Moore
Marian V. S. Toedt
Charlotte Cook
Laurence A. Morey
Elizabeth K. Stokes
Ray McCallum
Ruth E. Rhein
Allyn E. Fraser
Albert Torbet, Jr.
J. M. Shaw
Henry Thorpe
Moss Guilbert
Dagmar von Viesting-
hoff
Bettine Paddock
Elizabeth S. Bruseie
Cecilia Brewster
Dorothy Wormser
Dorothy Carson
Janet H. Freeman
Phloma Becker
Dorothy L. Nichols
Rosemary Baker
Helen Mar Sea
Margaret Sharpe
Edith Cranch
Eleanor B. Southworth
D'Arcy Orde
Marion Decker



"A FENCE CORNER." BY IRENE K. MOREY, AGE 12.

Dorothy Haug
Harry B. Morse
Ruth Maurer
Russell Alger Deily
Walter Pettit
Arthur Nehf
Constance Bowles
Dorothy Bliss Usher
Harriet I. Eager
Mary S. Wright
Margaret Osborne
Stuart B. Taylor
Anna Paddock
Leicester Spaulding
Charlie Higgins
Dorothy Eaton
Katharine Dulcebella
Barbour
Nelly B. Lewis
Edna Mason Chapman

W. Ann Cox
Geraldine Doyle
Vera Van Nes
Anna S. Ward
Stuart M. Young
Alice H. Miller
Mabel W. Whiteley
Anna D. White
Nadine Bolles
Marguerite Strathy
Mary C. Smith
S. B. Murray, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

John Struthers
Anna R. Clark
Alice Moore
Launcelot J. Gamble
Dorothy Arnold

Katherine Decker
Mary Thompson
Florence Bayard Trail
Mary R. Paul
Marian C. Rowe
Dorothy Houghton
Natalie Ott
Donald C. Armour
Penelope Barker
Noyes
R. Ernest Bell
Helen L. K. Porter
Helen Lyon Merriam
Elizabeth Cameron
Henry H. Ballou
Marianna Lippincott
Robert C. Seamans
Helen Whitman
Olivia E. Chamberlain
Gladys E. Dyer

Katharine E. Pratt
Jess L. Hall
Margaret A. Doyle
Marjorie E. Clare
Catharine E. Jackson
G. R. Whitehead
Helen R. Crouch
Ruth H. Caldwell
Elizabeth H. Webster
Alice L. Cousins
Nellie Shane
Eleanor Marvin
Louise Fitz
Emily Vocum Brown-
back
Henry N. Olen
Frances S. Loney
Edith A. Huff
Eleanor B. Danforth
Charles M. Foulke,
Jr.
Lawrence V. Sheridan
Myrtle Alderson

Gwendolen Gray Perry
Edwin Holmes Ad-
riance
Elsie Margaret Hunter
Prue K. Jamieson

PUZZLES 1.
Gwenma M. Jones
Alice D. Karr
Catharine H. Straker
Agnes R. Lane
Harry W. Hazard
A. Zane Pyles
Emma D. Miller
Doris Hackbusch
E. Adelaide Hahn
Walker M. Ellis
Milton F. Lyon
Mary Angwood
L. Elsa Loeber

John E. Staehlin
Anne M. Kress
Anne H. Whiting
Florence A. Brooks
Edwin S. Horwitz
Dorothy Godfrey
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Rose M. Morton
Helen Dean Fish
Blanche Bloch
Gladys Richardson
Margaret R. Bonnell
Nina Williams
Dorothea S. Walker
Marianna Kroehle
Sarah Unna

President; Charles Atkins, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 1127 E. 45th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
No. 841. "Beverly Theatricals." Eleanor C. Bancroft, President; four members. Address, Hale Farm, Beverly, Mass.
No. 842. "Ambitious Chapter." Elizabeth R. Marvin, President; Anne L. Clopton, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Casanova, Va.

NOTICE.

SUGGESTIONS for League features and subjects for competition are always welcome.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 73.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 73 will close **October 20** (for foreign members **October 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **St. NICHOLAS** for **January**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: "The Frozen Brook."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Family Tradition"—must be genuine, not invented.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The View from my Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Landscape Memory" and a Heading or Tailpiece for January.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

LEAGUE NOTES.

ONCE more we are obliged to record the sad fact that one of our League contributors has been so unfair, or so disregardful of the rules, as to send a poem deliberately copied—this time from one of Longfellow's translations. "The Wave," by Kathryn Lewis, page 946 of the August League, is almost an exact copy of a poem of the same name by the German poet Tiedge, as translated by Longfellow. The League editor was not familiar with this poem,—he cannot be familiar with all the poetry ever written, even by the masters,—but instantly upon its publication it was reported by a League reader who remembered it, and then by members from all directions. It is easy, very easy, to deceive any one or two people; but it is absolutely impossible for any borrowed contribution to escape the thousands upon thousands of League readers, who guard the League with the fond interest of personal ownership, and are quick to report any breach of honor among its members. Of course the gold badge awarded for "The Wave" was not sent, and the offending member's name was dropped. Whether the offense was committed through ignorance or intent does not matter. The League rules are plainly printed in every issue, and ignorance of them is no excuse. Does it pay to risk one's good name for the sake of any prize the world can give?

CHAPTERS.

If all League members know how much fun chapters have, and how much they are benefited by their meeting, every member would be a chapter member. Chapters meet and read the League contributions and other interesting things aloud, play games, get up entertainments, and work together in many ways. Some of them have small dues and sets of rules and regular meeting-places. Others meet at members' houses in rotation, and enjoy themselves in any way that pleases them for the time. To read and discuss the League contributions is one of the most profitable features. New chapters forming may have their badges, etc., come in one large envelop, postage free.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 832. "Fairy Glen Club." Arthur Gupta, President; W. Barlow Hill, Secretary; eight members. Address, Gorham, Me.

No. 833. "S. N. L." Roy Whitford, Secretary; six members. Address, 903 Jefferson St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 834. "Theta Sigma Sigma." Carol Sterling, President; Cornelia S. Penfield, Secretary; six members. Address, Beacon St., Black Rock, Conn.

No. 835. "St. Nicholas Jelly Club." Emily Paine, President; Helen Pritchard, Secretary; five members. Address, 121 Washington Lane, Germantown, Pa.

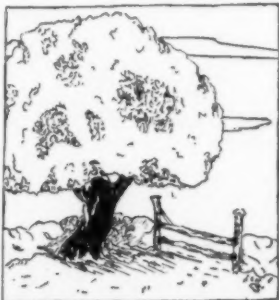
No. 836. "Ye Merrie Sixe." Dorothy Campbell, President; Elizabeth Hirsch, Secretary; six members. Address, 922 S. 49th St., Phila., Pa.

No. 837. "Conococheague." Anna C. Buchanan, President; six members. Address, Chambersburg, Pa.

No. 838. Ruth Hughes, President; Alice Lowenguth, Secretary; four members. Address, 142 Spencer St., Rochester, N. Y.

No. 839. "Aqua Pura." John Taylor, Secretary; five members. Address, Arlington Heights, Ill.

No. 840. "Golden Star." Ariel C. Harris,



"A FENCE CORNER." BY DOROTHEA KEASBY, AGE 13.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE NAME "OCTOBER." EVEN the younger Latin students know why October is named the eighth month; but not all of you are aware that there have been five attempts to change the name to honor Roman sovereigns. The Saxons called the month "Winterfylleth," and chose hawking as its emblematic sport.

"CANDY" BOOKS. A DAILY paper quotes from the President of Clark University, Massachusetts, the statement that "moral improvement should be the supreme standard in judging the reading for the young," and wisely says: "At least half of true morality consists in a perception of the vein of sunniness which animates all things, and that this aspect of life and nature is best blended into the spirits of growing children by books," such as "Alice in Wonderland"—which the college professor seems to have declared "confectionery, and not mental food."

But confectionery is the best of good food, if taken in right amount and at the right seasons. No one believes in spoiling the appetite by a diet of sugar only, any more than in keeping sugar entirely out of the diet. Even the soldier needs sugar in his scientific ration; and young people need a reasonable amount of confectionery in reading.

LATER NEWS DESIRED. IN going over the letters received in this department, one cannot help wondering who reads all the new books for young people. Although many long lists are sent, only rarely is one of the newer books mentioned. Will not some bright girl or sagacious boy tell us of the newer books that she or he has read and found delightful?

CROMWELL'S ADVICE. IN an essay showing how much nations owed to books as helpers, Sidney Lee, the English scholar, quotes Oliver Cromwell's advice to his son Richard: "Do not scatter yourself over a great many short and comparatively trifling books," said the great Protector; "devote yourself to a long book, a book that takes a wide survey of human affairs, a book that is

written in a great style." Cromwell recommended Raleigh's "History of the World," but what book better fits his advice than the Bible? The girl or boy who does not become familiar with the Bible is never truly educated.

BOOK "RELATIVES" AND BOOK "FRIENDS." YOUR own little library should consist of two classes of books—one class, of those that are your relatives; the other, of those that are your friends or mere acquaintances. The "relatives" are the books you mean to live with all your lives; the "friends" or acquaintances are those to whom you are kindly hosts for only a while.

LEIGH HUNT'S CHOICE OF BOOKS. It is often asked what book would be chosen if but one were allowed from all one's library. Leigh Hunt answers this question in a poem that is little known. It is quoted in Brander Matthews's "Ballads of Books," a little volume full of charming and unusual verse. Leigh Hunt says:

But which take with me, could I take but one?
Shakspeare, as long as I was unoppressed
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts tender;
But did I wish, out of the common sun,
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
And dream of things far off and healing—Spenser.

Few young readers desire "to lay a wounded heart in leafy rest," we hope; but all boys and girls who love good fairy-stories ought to know what delightful old-time tales are to be found in the works of Edmund Spenser.

HISTORICAL STORIES. MANY of the more recent books for the reading of young people are meant to give a knowledge of certain periods of history. Very often these are carefully studied by their authors; but, nevertheless, they seldom give a true idea of the real events. At times, a little skirmish will be made to seem a great battle, so that the doings of some boy-hero may be made more important; at other times, the stories are written to please the prejudices of some readers—one army being composed entirely of noble, self-

sacrificing patriots, while their enemies are all sneaking villains.

If you read such books, it is very wise to prepare yourself by a little study of the same period in a fairly written history. Besides, you may find the history better reading than the juvenile book.

This warning applies especially to stories of the American revolutionary days.

STORY-TELLING POEMS.

OUR request for "poems that tell stories" brings only lists of the old, old favorites, such as "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Idylls of the King," "The Ancient Mariner," and "The Vision of Sir Launfal." We should like the names of some a little less known. There are many excellent collections of verse for young readers. Perhaps some of our readers will find this list useful:

"The Children's Garland," "The Children's Treasury," and "The Sunday Book of Poetry," all in the Golden Treasury Series published by Macmillan & Co.; "Poems of American Patriotism," Scribner's; "Book of Famous Verse," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; "The Listening Child," Macmillan & Co.; "Poems Every Child Should Know," Doubleday, Page & Co.; "The Posy Ring," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; "Lyra Heroica," Scribner's; and "Blue Poetry Book," Macmillan & Co.

All these are well edited and contain the best of material carefully chosen. Every child should own at least one of them.

WHAT HE HAS READ.

A VERMONT boy sends us a list of books he read not long ago. It seems to be very well selected in quality and in variety. He does not tell his age, but we guess him to be about thirteen. We give all he names: "King Mombo," Du Chaillu; "Under Colonial Colors," Tomlinson; "A Captured Santa Claus," Page; "Ivanhoe," Scott; "Chasing the Sun," Ballantyne; "Rollo in Rome," Abbott; "Just So Stories," Kipling; "Poor and Proud," "The Boat Club," "Try Again," and "All Aboard," by "Oliver Optic"; "Donald and Dorothy," Mrs. Dodge; "Jan of the Windmill," Mrs. Ewing.

WHAT IS A
"CURMUDGEON"? DR. JOHN ASH wrote a dictionary of the English language in 1775, and must have used Dr. Johnson's dictionary to aid him in tracing cer-

tain derivations. Johnson, in giving the origin of the word "curmudgeon," said that it came from the French words "*cœur*" and "*mechant*" (heart, wicked), and credited the suggestion to an "unknown correspondent." Dr. Ash copied the derivation, but unfortunately made a strange blunder, saying that "curmudgeon" was "from the French *cœur*, unknown, and *mechant*, a correspondent"!

Who, without the explanation, could have guessed the origin of this funny blunder? And who, among our older readers will show the connection between a "curmudgeon" and the queer old phrase used by Hamlet, "This is *muching mallecho*; it means mischief"?

One learns to value dictionaries more highly after learning how many long years and how much labor have been spent in their making.

"CONVALESCENT" BOOKS.

FROM Philadelphia we receive a letter giving an excellent list of books to read aloud to a little invalid during the days when recovery is certain and yet the hours of waiting are so long. The books named are recommended as cheerful in tone, and interesting for reading to one not to be excited. Here is the list:

"The Adventures of Ulysses," Kingsley; "La Belle Nivernaise," Daudet; "The Last American," Mitchell; "Cranford," Gaskell; "Peterkin Papers," Hale; "The Rose and the Ring," Thackeray; "The Bucholz Family," Stinde; "Pickwick Papers," Dickens; "Book of Romance," Lang; "Myths of Greece and Rome," Guerber; "Travels of Marco Polo," Brooks; "True Story Book," Lang; "Parables from Nature," Gatty; "Fairyland of Science," Buckley.

MAKING HISTORY DO you know who was COME TO LIFE. "The Wizard of the North"? He was so called because he was able to bring to life the personages of past time, making history live again in his pages, so that the happenings of old time seem once more to take place before our eyes, and knights, ladies, kings, queens, esquires, soldiers, outlaws, played their parts upon the stage he created within the minds of his readers. Nearly eight centuries are covered by the works of his genius in his prose alone, and in his verse his range was even wider. How much do you know of the realm of this magician and what was his name?

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE lamentable death of Mrs. Dodge occurred just as this October number of ST. NICHOLAS was going to press. It is necessary, therefore, to ask the indulgence of our readers if their copies this month should be late in reaching them, as the presses had to be stopped for the preparation of the all too brief and inadequate memorial sketch of Mrs. Dodge which opens this number. ST. NICHOLAS, like all monthly magazines, has to be made ready far in advance of the date of publication; and the September number was off the press and on its way to the news-stands when the sad tidings of Mrs. Dodge's death were received.

THE LETTER-BOX.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl and in May we went abroad.

We are now in Paris and I saw King Alfonso XIII of Spain. The city was beautifully decorated with flags and electric lights, in the shape of crowns, coats of arms, and stars, and large baskets of flowers of all kinds on the street.

The day we saw him an attempt was made on his life. A bomb was thrown from Hotel du Louvre, but it did not injure him; it killed a horse and wounded some of the soldiers. I have been taking you for three years and like you very much. Good-by,

From your little reader,

DOROTHY SELIGMAN (age 9).

QUINCY, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think many Americans (or people in America) living to-day have had the honor of knowing Richard Wagner, the composer of the great "Parsifal."

Well, I have found a person who has had that honor, and so I thought perhaps some of the other readers of ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear about it.

I went to hear "Parsifal," in Chicago last month, and when I got home, one Saturday, I spent a day in the country. There I met an old German woman, and, incidentally, I mentioned "Parsifal."

"Oh," she said, and her face lighted up; "when I was a girl I lived in Baireuth and carried milk every evening to Wagner's house. I knew the family and saw him often. I liked to watch the workmen nearby, building the great stage where he was going to have his first production of 'Parsifal.'"

I thought this interesting.

I am, A devoted reader,

ETHEL C. IRWIN (age 14).

MUNICH, BAVARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been interested in the attention paid here to the hardy little birds that stay north all winter.

As soon as the cold weather set in, there appeared in the city squares and public-school yards what, from a distance, looked like huge green mushrooms.

Upon a nearer view, we saw them to be shelters for birds.

A post, or a branch still wearing its bark, had been driven into the ground. Upon it was fastened a little wooden platform about two feet in diameter; then, above the platform and almost hiding it, a dome of evergreen twigs.

The birds can slip in through openings left among

the twigs at the edge of the platform, and there, sheltered from snow and wind, eat the seeds scattered for them on the boards.

If they ever were suspicious of such queer trees in such frequented places, they have learned better. The tables so bountifully spread with seeds do not now lack visitors.

I remain, as I have been for eight years,

Your interested reader,

ALICE S. CHEYNEY.

MOUNT PLEASANT, ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Canadian boy and enjoy you very much; my brother took you for some time and I am interested in the League.

Out in our yard I have a small house which we have called the "Bachelor's Den," and in which we have often slept.

A little while ago the first turbine steamer to cross the Atlantic landed in St. John.

Yours truly,

W. WALLACE ALWARD (age 12).

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and a half and I read everything in you from cover to cover.

We are living at La Jolla, a little California coast-town, where many noted people spend the winter.

We live next door to Rose Hartwick Thorpe, the author of "The Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

Mrs. Thorpe wrote for ST. NICHOLAS when mother was one of your little readers.

There are a great many natural beauties here at La Jolla, among them are some wonderful caves on the ocean front. The water washing upon the rocks and walls of the caves have formed strange designs; some of them are so perfect in their outlines as to suggest the work of man.

Your faithful reader,

ROBERT BOSTWICK CARNEY (age 10).

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing you this letter to let you know how I love your magazine. I have read "Pinkey Perkins," and thought it was very nice, and "The Magic Cloak." We had to learn a poem in school about "Abou Ben Adhem."

We are very interested with the flowers that just came out. Snowballs all are very large in our yard; the violets are so pretty.

From a loving member of your magazine.

RACHEL GELTMAN.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ruble. 2. Union. 3. Bigot. 4. Loose. 5. Enter.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Shakespeare; fifth row, As You Like It. Cross-words: 1. Syrian. 2. Harass. 3. Alleya. 4. Kowtow. 5. Efflux. 6. Spoils. 7. Picnic. 8. Eureka. 9. Answer. 10. Rebut. 11. Elects.

CHARADE. Goal-den-rod, goldenrod.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 8, Tennyson; 9 to 16, Trollope. Cross-words: 1. Twit. 2. Herb. 3. Pony. 4. Loon. 5. Lary. 6. Host. 7. Hope. 8. Name.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The bees warp lazily on laden wing;
Beauty and stillness brood o'er everything.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from "Duluth"—K. W. and F. McCollin—Mary B. Bloss—Marian Swift—Zena Parker—Frank L. White—Harry Elger, Jr.—Grace Haren—Marian Smith—Florence DuBois—Lucile Trice—Caroline Ray Servin—"Two Puzzlers"—Constance Codman—Margaret Griffith—May Richardson—Louis Stix Weiss—Harriet Bingham—Winifred A. Anderson—Marion Patton—Florence Ross Ellwell—"Allid and Adi"—No Name, Chicago—"Chuck"—Harriet O'Donnell—Tanetta E. Vanderpoel—Elizabeth D. Lord—Albert Ellard—Dorothy Rutherford—Joseph Bolton—Mary E. Miller—Robert S. DuBois—Dorothy E. Hopkins—Lilian Sara Burt—Agnes Cole—Leticia Velez—Marguerite Hyde.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from J. R. McLaren, 1—E. C. Bancroft, 1—A. Mayo, 1—V. Moffet, 2—S. C. Titus, 1—James P. Cahen, Jr., 8—Marion McS., 1—Adele Beattys, 3—G. Weitbrecht, 1—Edna Mayle, 5—Katharine B. Hodgkins, 5—Mary G. Bonner, 2—O. Elizabeth Dyer, 6—C. Hanks, 1—Elsie Nathan, 8—F. Anthony, 8—Mary E. Askew, 6—Rollin Rolfe, 6—C. J. Gladding, 1—M. C. Sawyer, 1—F. R. Hodges, 1—Janet Willoughby, 8—K. Trowbridge, 1—B. W. Smith, 1.

A MINE OF "OR."

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLES: A valued "or," hon-or. A reptile or, alligat-or.

1. A witty or. 2. A zealous or. 3. A fearful or. 4. A conquering or. 5. An outspoken or. 6. A noisy or. 7. A younger or. 8. A leafy or. 9. A working or. 10. A South American ornithological or. 11. An energetic or. 12. A gracious or. 13. A will-making or. 14. A strict or. 15. An imprisoned or. 16. An older or.

RICHARD G. CURTIS.

ENIGMA.

4

CHANGE this figure to another system of notation and it will give the name of a rare old plant.

W. B. GIBSON (AGE 7) (League Member).

ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EACH of the words described contains eight letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Brave. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Verse. 5. Enter. II. 1. Rang. 2. Area. 3. Near. 4. Carb. III. 1. Clear. 2. Leave. 3. Eaves. 4. Avert. 5. Rests. IV. 1. Star. 2. Tart. 3. Area. 4. Real. V. 1. Oscar. 2. Scare. 3. Care. 4. Area. 5. Redan. VI. 1. Scar. 2. Care. 3. Area. 4. Read. VII. 1. Mason. 2. Adore. 3. Soils. 4. Orlet. 5. Nests. VIII. 1. Drag. 2. Rave. 3. Avert. 4. Germ. IX. 1. Bar. 2. Are. 3. Red.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE. 1. 0; 2. u; 3. a; 4. t; 5. d; 6. b; 7. t; 8. g; 9. b; 10. n.

DOUBLE BEREADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Cotton Mather. 1. Br-oct-er, cot. 2. Al-low-ed, owl. 3. St-unt-ed, tun. 4. Bu-ni-ng, tin. 5. Sc-old-ed, old. 6. Sc-ent-ed, net. 7. Co-mpa-ny, map. 8. In-dia-na, aid. 9. Hu-n-nt-er, ten. 10. Sw-ath-es, hat. 11. Co-lle-ge, ell. 12. Sh-arp-er, rap.

letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell the title and surname of a President of the United States.

1. A chemist's measuring-glass. 2. To adorn. 3. Steadfast. 4. Heedless. 5. Hanging fluttering in the air. 6. A banner. 7. Abruptly. 8. Force. 9. Pertaining to a nation. 10. A three-headed monster. 11. Concealing. 12. A remedy. 13. One of the United States. 14. Melancholy. 15. One of the United States.

HERBERT M. DAVIDSON (AGE 9).

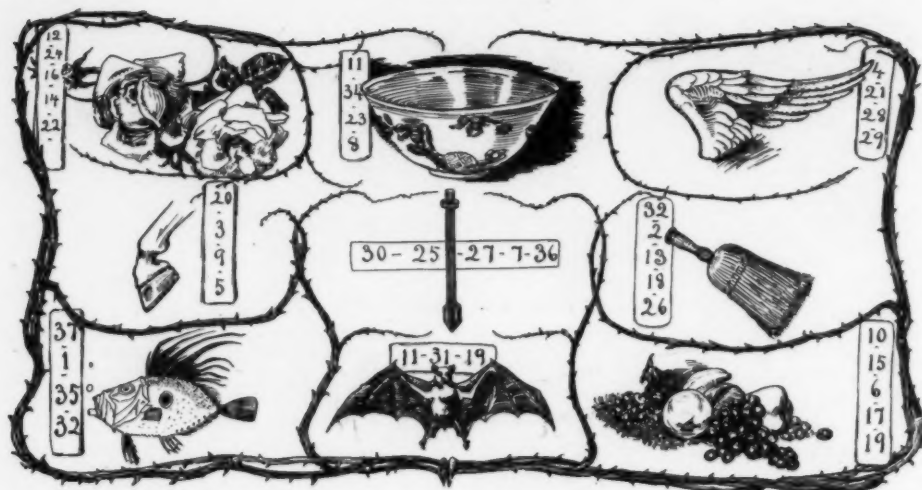
HOOR-GLASS.

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READING ACROSS: 1. A man of learning. 2. To happen. 3. A pronoun. 4. In hour-glass. 5. To recede. 6. An animal. 7. Erudite.

Centrals, reading downward, a month.

ELIZABETH BURRAGE (League Member).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

In this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the nine objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in proper order, they will spell a quotation from "As You Like It."

A GREEK ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of the "Father of History."

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A famous Greek philosopher and mathematician. 2. The greatest of Greek poets. 3. A very famous Greek philosopher. 4. A famous disciple of the foregoing. 5. The greatest of the Greek lyric poets. 6. The greatest of Greek orators. 7. A famous Greek philosopher of noble birth. 8. The name of some cities called after the Emperor Claudius. 9. The most influential of Greek philosophers.

FLORENCE CASSIDY.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a word that much magic has wrought;
My *last* is a vessel no sailor has sought;
My *whole* is used for support, I am told,
By photographers, over the new world and old.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

REVERSED RIVERS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

In each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a river, the letters forming it being reversed.

1. I found a robin's nest hidden among the catalpa leaves. 2. Those who are bitten by rattlesnakes seldom recover. 3. Skibo Castle is the home of a great manufacturer. 4. Fred offered to go for a doctor. 5. The panels of the ceiling were of black walnut. 6. Real estate values in this town have trebled during the past year. 7. When I was in Cairo I hoped to visit the Pyramids. 8. Wilkins and Sons sell crêpe in desired quantities at low prices. 9. The opal is a beautiful gem. 10. Those who honor the flag love their country.

11. My brother Reginald plays half-back on the Harvard eleven. 12. Halifax is the capital of Nova Scotia. 13. Uncle Caleb unadvisedly invested all he had in mining stock. 14. Then Nora got a situation in a restaurant. 15. All delinquent taxes must be paid by June first.

MORTON L. MITCHELL.

JAPANESE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-eight letters and form a Japanese proverb.

My 37-34-21-6-41-47 is a country at war with Japan. My 23-20-7-27-12 is what both countries must do. My 1-15-45-42-5-26-7 is what a slangy little boy said that each country was doing to the other. My 30-17-9-28-11-7-38 has often caused war. My 31-8-43 is what every Japanese seems willing to do for his country. My 36-25-3-14-33 is what many have met with at the hands of the enemy. My 46-32-19-39 is the relation of Korea to Japan. My 35-16-41-4-2-10-19 is that side to which a neutral should belong. My 42-22-24-34-44 is the mourning-flower of Japan. My 13-48-29-40-18 is the general of the Japanese army in Manchuria.

WALTER AUSTIN.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In read. 2. To drink. 3. Quick. 4. A small hole. 5. In read.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In read. 2. The summit. 3. Corded. 4. To fondle. 5. In read.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In read. 2. To strike gently. 3. Risked. 4. To confine. 5. In read.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In read. 2. An extremity. 3. Fed. 4. A wooden nail. 5. In read.

AGNES R. LANE (Honor Member).

